

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1639.

London  
Nov. 23, 1932



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*Holinshed's Chronicle.*

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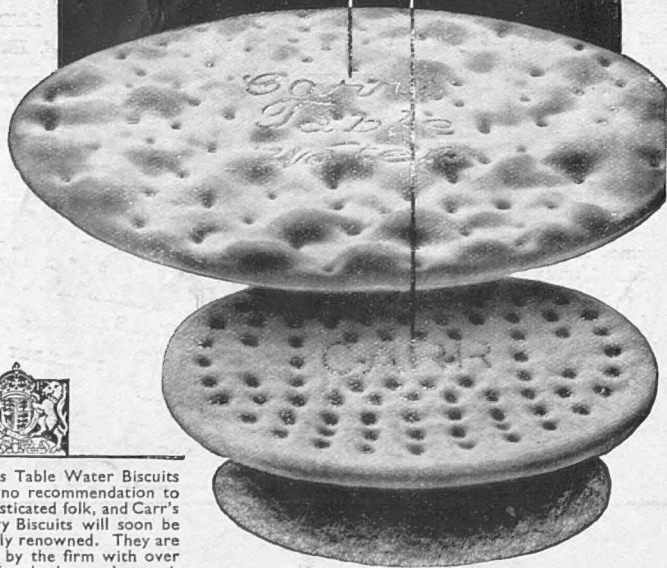
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# The TATTLER

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*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

## THE MARCHIONESS OF READING—HER LATEST PORTRAIT

The most recent portrait of the wife of one of the most picturesque personalities in contemporary history. Lord Reading served before the mast, he was a terrific success at the Bar, then Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, a seat in the Cabinet, Lord Chief Justice, Viceroy of India, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and that is almost enough to be going on with for most people. He was created a Marquess in 1926. Lady Reading was formerly Miss Stella Charnaud, and was Lord Reading's most efficient secretary throughout his distinguished Indian Viceroyalty



AT THE ANGLO-FRENCH LUNCHEON: THE EARL OF DERBY AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE

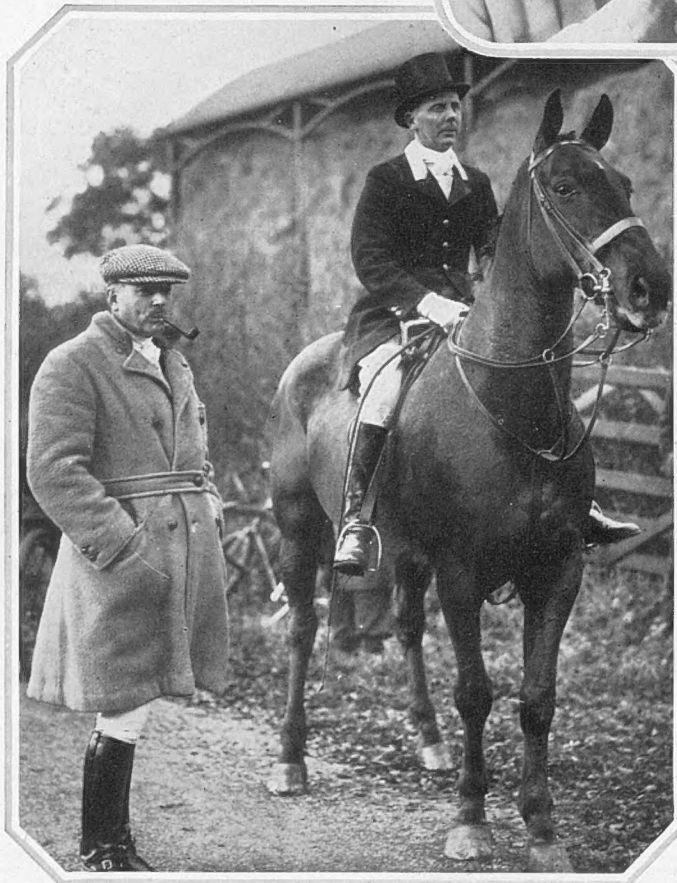
The Anglo-French luncheon to the Marquis de St. Alary, who is so well known on the Turf, was held at the Hotel Victoria last week. The Marquess of Crewe was British Ambassador in Paris from 1922 to 1928, and the Marchioness of Crewe was appropriately the hostess at this luncheon. Lord Derby was our Ambassador in Paris from 1918 to 1920, and an extremely good one he proved

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**M**Y DEAR,—With the long list of weddings ahead of us, and new engagements happening every day, I should have thought we had enough to be going on with. But apparently the rumour mongers are never happy unless they are trying to nose out something new, or anticipating things which may or may not happen. Of one persistent rumour the less said the better. Of another which materialized I prefer to say nothing as I do not wish the young lady in the case to die from a surfeit of publicity, which is her meat and drink. She is too decorative to suffer an early and unromantic demise.

\* \* \*

I feel I must express some sympathy, though, for Miss Barbara Hutton, whose father owns Woolworth's, despite her youth, her beauty, and her millions. The much-commented-upon ruby ring is not an engagement ring. It was given to her by her father on her sixteenth birthday. And Prince Alex Mdivani, with whom her name has been coupled, does happen to be still married to the sister of Mr. Jimmy van Alen, who has many friends over here. He is very charming, he is a Georgian and he is a prince, but he has no claim to royalty. Miss Hutton is shy and dislikes publicity, like Miss Doris Duke. I



WITH THE PYTCHLEY: LORD BREADALBANE AND LORD CROMWELL

A picture taken at Swinford last week. The news that the Pytchley are to lose their popular Joint Master, Mr. Ronald Tree, next season, is most unwelcome. His partnership with Colonel Jack Lowther has been a tremendous success. Lord Breadalbane has a house at Daventry. Lord Cromwell is very well known with the historic white collar hunt

## THE LETTERS OF EVE



Eva Barrett, Rome

MADAME HELENE ZELEZNY AND A BUST OF LADY SYBIL GRAHAM

Madame Zelezny, the famous Czechoslovakian sculptress, has just finished this beautiful bust of Lady Sybil Graham, wife of the British Ambassador in Rome, the Right Hon. Sir Ronald Graham. Lady Sybil Graham is a daughter of the Earl of Middleton

wonder when this Lucky Strike heiress will be returning to this country. Rumour has it that a certain young baronet did not strike it quite so lucky in that direction! But Miss Duke is a very pretty and charming girl, and we shall be sorry if she does not come back.

\* \* \*

Among the weddings before us are Miss Mary Martin Smith's and Miss Angela du Boulay's. Both are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The first to Mr. Denis Hill-Wood to-morrow week, and the other to Mr. Iain Murray a fortnight later. Sir Hugh Smiley and Miss Nancy Beaton have fixed theirs for January 18 at the same church. They intend to catch a boat next day for Trinidad en route for the exotic island of Santa Lucia, which must be the dream of all honeymooners, though few are rich enough to go there these days.

It was not a great surprise to their friends when Mr. David Colville and Lady Joan Villiers

announced their intention of getting married. This Lady Joan is small, attractive, and pretty. The other one, Lord Clarendon's daughter, is tall, attractive, and arrestingly good-looking rather than pretty. Mr. Colville's mother, Lady Cynthia, is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and his father is very well known in the yachting world.

He is so keen on sailing, in fact, that a few years ago he built himself a boat with his own hands in his house in Eccleston Square. It took him some time, and when it was finished it could not be got out through the front door. Undeclared, however, the Colvilles gave a party, baptized the boat with champagne, and launched her out of the dining-room window to the huge delight of their neighbours and stray passers-by. I have often seen this boat sailing in the Solent.

Talking of sailing, there are lots of people on the move. Mr. John Smiley arrived back here from New York last week on the *Bremen*. Mrs. Ronald Balfour is another who has just returned to us. She has been staying on Majorca and was so enchanted by the island that she has taken a house there for six months. That means that she will be off again in January with her family and that we shan't see her in London until the middle of June.

Majorca, where Mr. Cecil Aldin now lives almost entirely in a house of his own, is becoming very chic, and most of the people who have been out there lately give it about two years before it is thoroughly spoilt. One thing which may prevent that is the difficulty in getting any information about the island or its hotels. The travel bureaux in Spain do not seem to have yet recovered from the revolution, so one has to rely almost entirely on friends.

Mr. Godfrey Winn, who is going out there after Christmas, has been told of a different hotel by each of his friends, and means to try them all in turn. He is taking his mother out with him and intends to break the back of a new book which he has been commissioned to write. Before this trip, he is returning to the stage next Friday in a Barrie one-act play with Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Originally he went on the stage with the idea of learning how to write plays, but so far his talent has not shown itself in this direction.

Another writer, Princess Antoine Bibesco, left London a few days ago for her appartement on the Ile



AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY LAST WEEK

Miss Margaret Whigham, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Sweeney, so famous in the golfing world at Oxford and in America, has just been announced, Mr. Michael Gold, and Lady Castlerosse at Quaglino's last week at Miss Hutton's excellent birthday party



St. Louis, Paris. It is here that she entertains her intellectual friends, French, German, and Spanish. And a few English! But this place does not see her very often, for the lot of a diplomat's wife is restless, whatever else it may or may not be. At the present moment her husband is in Madrid and she will probably go there before she comes back here for Christmas. Both Prince Antoine and his sister, Princess Marthe, are brilliant linguists.

Sir Horace Rumbold has been over here for a week or so of leave, but he is now back in Berlin where, unfortunately, his time must be nearly up, for I hear that he is retiring at the end of this year. There are always rumours as to who will be the next Ambassador in Paris, and amongst others I have heard Lord Londonderry's name mentioned. But rumour is so often wide of the mark. Lady Londonderry will be giving her annual party for the Premier and the National Conservatives before very long.

AT NASH'S CLUB PARTY AT THE CARLTON: BRIG-GENERAL AND MRS. H. B. KENNEDY

This was one of the best parties that has happened in London this season, and Nash's Club supported it en bloc. Brig-General H. B. P. L. Kennedy used to be in the 60th and he got a brigade and seven mentions in the Big War

All London has been flocking to the Leicester Galleries to see the Peter Arno exhibition which opened on Thursday. Especially those of us who read "The New Yorker" and are familiar with his very brilliant and satirical and sometimes rather shocking drawings. He is here under the chaperonage of that quite lovely young woman, Mrs. Grant Mason, Mrs. Ormonde Lawson Johnston's daughter. He could not be in better hands.

He is a versatile creature. At the cocktail party given on the previous Sunday by Mrs. Fleischmann, whose husband owns "The New Yorker," he enchanted everybody by sitting at the piano and playing all the latest

(Continued overleaf  
d 2



CAPTAIN FRANK COVELL AND CAPTAIN TOMMY GRAVES—ORGANIZERS OF NASH'S CLUB PARTY

The mainsprings of that extremely popular place, Nash's Club, and of this cheery party which was arranged at the Carlton Hotel. Nash's in Savile Row is one of the most comfortable places in all London at which to lunch, dine, or sup, and is most excellently run

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

tunes from New York. He was also ready to improvise for anyone who suggested a theme or a title. He was dragged on from that party to another, where he played until three in the morning. The only reward he asked for at the end was Bourbon whisky, and half London was searched before a bottle was eventually discovered in the cellar of one of the American First Secretaries.

He gave a picture-warming party himself at the Leicester Galleries on Wednesday evening. He was there, cocktails were there, a buffet was there, and the pictures were there. But to our regret there was no piano. Mrs. Grant Mason arrived with the Duke of Sutherland, and others who came to enjoy the brilliance of his drawing and his wit were Mr. Augustus John, Miss Susan Ertz, the two Charles sisters, Mr. Noel Coward, and Mr. Esmond Harmsworth. Private views are nothing now. If you want to be thought smart you must be seen at the pre-private views!

Lady Chamberlain's venture in reviving the weekly "At Homes," with the modern addition of sherry, has been a great success. She has a lovely house in Rutland Gate, and the lighting behind the curtains in the drawing-room makes one almost believe that real sunshine is pouring in from outside. Wednesday is her day; her rooms were tightly packed last week when the five o'clock tea-drinkers were making way for the later contingent of sherry-sippers. Over here we can so innocently send out our invitations for five to seven. But they might take a bad view of it in France!

It was good to see Mrs. Keith Menzies in London again last week, she is so seldom here now. In fact, it is getting as hard to detach her from her attractive old house in Gloucestershire as it is to extract the proverbial winkle from its shell! She makes most of the beauties of 1931 and 1932 look very insignificant and stereotyped. As Miss Violet de Trafford before her marriage, her great height, beautiful carriage, glorious complexion, and wonderful yellow hair made her the most beautiful girl of her year.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORTHERN IRELAND

During his recent tour in Northern Ireland, whither he went to open the new Parliament Building in Belfast, H.R.H. played golf on the Newcastle links, which are just outside the city. In this group on the steps of the club house, left to right, are: Front row—Mr. D. W. Smyth, who partnered the Prince, Mr. Fred Rodgers, Colonel A. Fullerton, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; behind—Major Hammond-Smith and the Right Hon. Harry Mulholland, M.P.

Nicolai Milstein showed us what a violinist he is at the first of the second series of Courtauld-Sargent concerts. His renderings of the well-known Brahms and Tchaikovsky violin concertos were brilliant and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, besides proving how greatly a sympathetic and intelligent orchestra can "make" a soloist, gave an astonishingly inspired and glowing performance of the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius.

Young Milstein has been very much fêted during his stay over here. Besides the small supper party given for him by Mrs. Morley, Mr. Sidney Beer entertained him on Thursday night after his last concert.

Mrs. Fred Lawson, who is a real music enthusiast, has just moved into a new house. Her husband is Lord Burnham's nephew, and Mrs. Lawson, besides being the fortunate possessor of a fine contralto voice, has great taste in decoration

and has proved herself on many occasions a grand hostess. Her parties are generally small, informal and very gay, and much of their success may be attributed to a skilful mixing of celebrities and beauties, a very cosy atmosphere, and wonderful and original food, all mixed up together in one large room. Nothing creates the party feeling so quickly!

Two of the happiest-looking people I met last week were Mrs. Raymond Boileau and Sir Francis Goodenough. Mrs. Boileau's reason for looking pleased with life was the number of nice things that had been said to her about her new book, "Turnip Tops," which came out only a few days ago. I, personally, like it enormously. Sir Francis had reason for his

satisfied appearance because of the speed with which he is selling tickets for the Savoy dinner next Tuesday. This dinner has been got up in connection with the £90,000 appeal for the Princess Beatrice Hospital. Sir Patrick Hastings and those two clever young men, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Randolph Churchill, will be among the half-dozen speakers.—Yours ever, EVE.



THE LATEST ENGAGEMENT: MAJOR REX BENSON, D.S.O., M.C., AND MRS. CONDE NAST

An avalanche of congratulations has descended upon Major Rex Benson and Mrs. Conde Nast, for they are both so popular. Quite apart from all the important interests he has in the City of London, Major Rex Benson is a personality in the world of sport, principally polo and fox-hunting, and he has a fine war record. Mrs. Conde Nast is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Volney Foster of Lake Forest, Ill., U.S.A. The wedding, it is said, will take place very shortly in Paris

The Ladies' Kennel Association is holding a Members' Show at the Horticultural Hall on November 29. As all the leading women who own dogs belong to the association, the show should be a good one. There are classes for all the well-known breeds and also for foreign dogs and "varieties."

# "THE MIDSHIPMAID" FILMED



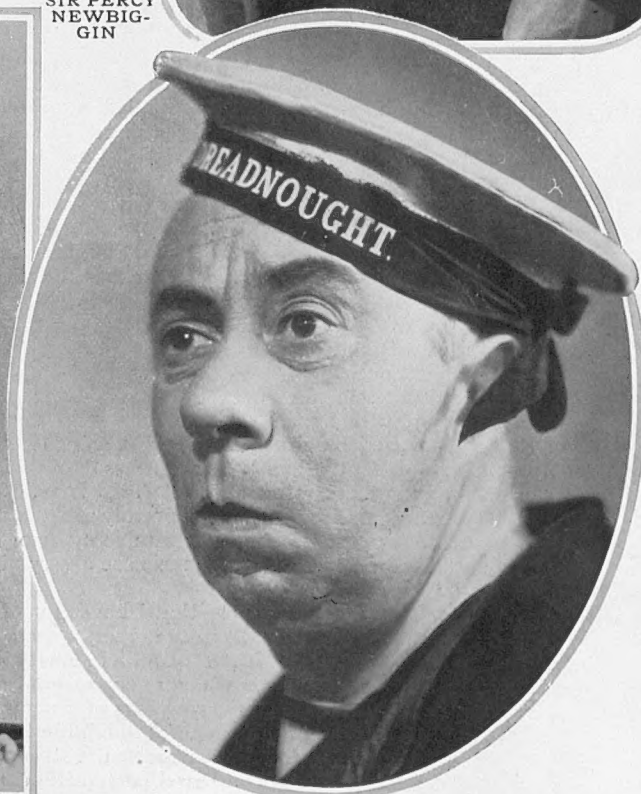
MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS AS THE MAID



Right—MR. FRED KERR AS SIR PERCY NEWBIGGIN



MISS JOYCE KIRBY (DORA) AND MISS WILMA VANNE (CORA)



MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS A.B. POOK

The latest Gaumont-British film, "The Midshipmaid," the final "shots" of which are only now being made, will be presented at a midnight matinée at the Capitol Theatre on December 8. The film is founded on the play which had such a big success at the Shaftesbury. The matinée is being organized by Lady Hamond-Græme and an influential committee to raise funds for the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will be present at the performance, which will also include a cabaret entertainment organized by Mr. Seymour Hicks. When the theatre performance is over holders of the most expensive seats will descend to the Kit-Cat Restaurant, where breakfast will be served and where some of the most famous entertainers in London will provide a further programme. Amongst the many well-known people who will assist are Lady Norah Hodgson, Lady Charles Montagu, Lady Fitzroy, Viscountess Furness, and Lady Newnes



IN "HAPPY EVER AFTER": LILIAN HARVEY AND JACK HULBERT

A new British comedy film presented at the Capitol on November 20, with these two clever British stars in the lead. Lilian Harvey has done a great deal of her work in Germany, but she is all British and was born at Muswell Hill

LOOKING back to see what I wrote about this film when it was silent, I find the following:—"Smilin' Through is feeble, pretentious, and lachrymose. A bride who has been shot by a jealous lover during the wedding ceremony—which the producer places in the back-garden—spends the next fifty years or so 'on the other side,' hovering about in an expectant bridal gown. When her spirit is not hovering it is reincarnated in a flesh-and-blood niece, her sister's child. The sister also 'goes over' later on, and the two indulge in sentimental colloquy. Watching this rubbish I thought regretfully of that play of Mr. Laurence Housman in which a departing Victorian lady wires from earth to an elder sister who has preceded her: 'Railway accident. Arriving 4-30.' 'I expected you earlier,' says the elder lady, looking at the clock and pecking her sister's cheek. 'The train was late,' replies the younger woman simply. Oh, for just one little breath of Mr. Housman's irony, or even of his common sense, to blow away these screen absurdities! 'Does irony go out with life?' asks Lamb. Alas, that it goes out or ever we enter the grave, as soon, indeed, as we set foot in the cinema! Miss Norma Talmadge dies from a gunshot wound with less show of emotion than one of Messrs. Lyons's waitresses exhibits on receiving an order for a cup of tea. According to the programme this actress 'reveals a spiritual power that goes far beyond acting.' This is nonsense. Miss Talmadge smiles prettily and weeps prettily; that is all. And in this film she bears the peculiarly detestable name of Moonyeen! The sub-titles and accompanying music are a very nightmare of banality."

Alas—or better still, hooray!—that I have to confess to some kind of change as a result of which the other night at the Empire I enormously enjoyed *Smilin' Through* in its talkie version! There are three suppositions which might account for this, and three only. The first is that twelve years of cinema-going have debased my critical faculty to a point at which the feeble, the pretentious, and the lachrymose have become the strong, the simple, and the exhilarating. The second supposition is that the addition of words to explain imbecility has explained that imbecility away. The third supposition is that the film is better acted. Let us examine these three suppositions in turn. Twelve years ago some of us critics who were younger than than now and consequently more greatly attracted to the high-brow view—in the comparatively early days of the screen some of the critics tried to persuade themselves that it could be an extra subtle medium for the purveyance of Ibsen, Strindberg, Tchekov, and other Nordic wildfowl. This kind of criticism continues to-day except that the angle has changed

# THE CINEMA

"Smilin' Through" Again

By JAMES AGATE

and we now hear that the rhythmical content of a scene may be affected according to whether an armchair presents its front or its back to the audience! But even these critics are becoming conscious of their futility, as is proved by their less frequent use of the word "montage," an art which can be practised by any gum-chewing young man provided he is given the gum and a pair of scissors. In plain English we are all beginning to realise that the screen is, and owing to economic considerations can only be, concerned with the lower middle classes and those upper middle classes whose upperness does not extend to their taste in æsthetics. In this respect the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are indeed sisters under their skins. My own view is that the screen should never leave the South Sea islands, but that if it must then it is right to concentrate on the human story, meaning of course the hysterico-sentimental. I must therefore hold something that I certainly did not hold before, that *Smilin' Through* is all that the screen has any right to demand in the way of material. Let it be confessed, too, that the title is a blaze of false pretence since nobody smiles in this film, and one could not imagine anybody smiling at it unless it be Sir James Barrie who might like its wistful

echoes of *Mary Rose*. But even then I think Sir James would only smile to avoid recognition. The film has the supreme virtue of being about a bride, that symbol of the teeming earth and therefore the rightful cause of gaping wonder, though it is doubtful whether the young women and matrons who wait for hours within rice-throwing distance of the portals of St. Margaret's have any clear notion of the philosophic reason for their amazement. In this matter the whole world is kin, and even taxi-drivers held up by a marriage crowd show no impatience. In the original version it was a mistake to stage the wedding in the back-garden. The present version manages to get it into a church, though here I think its passion for accuracy ceases. At the end Mr. Leslie Howard at a major computation cannot be more than sixty, or as a bridegroom younger than twenty. Putting the date of the film at 1920 this would assign the early events to 1880 at which period I do not think that the Bridal March from *Lohengrin* was popular in this country; and I am certain that English bridegrooms, best men, and givers-away of brides did not at the ceremony wear swallow-tail dress-coats that surely go back to the time of Dickens's youth, say 1830. The era of the frock-coat was the late 'seventies and the early 'eighties. . . . But perhaps I am labouring the point which anyhow ceased to be of importance when Miss Norma Shearer "became shot" and sank flutteringly into Mr. Leslie Howard's arms in a very creditable imitation of Pavlova's dying swan. Perhaps one's taste has become vitiated. As a younger man I might have asked why the doctor did not undo that corsage of satin beauté to discover whether the bullet had been deflected by that whalebone and steel in which the brides of the period were wont to go armour-plated. Or to ask why restoratives were not brought. Sitting at the performance the other night I gave no thought to these omissions and merely let fall what I hoped was *una furtiva lagrima*, to use the tenor's phrase, while on each side of me typists frankly howled.

Recovering a little from this sodden business I felt inclined to ask whether the War has not been sufficiently used as the excuse and setting for private sentimentalities having nothing to do with world-tragedy. The question put in this film is: Should one allow one's niece to marry the son of the man who shot one's bride forty years previously? The point should, I think, be capable of settlement off its own bat. My other two suppositions can be dealt with quickly and simultaneously. Dialogue has immensely improved this film because Miss Norma Shearer and Mr. Leslie Howard speak it beautifully. Indeed their perfect acting makes quite a lovely thing of it, and in addition there is a very fine piece of playing by Mr. Fredric March.

# RACING ON THE CHELTENHAM HEIGHTS



THE PENULTIMATE FENCE IN THE  
CLEEVE SELLING STEEPLECHASE

MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE  
AND CAPTAIN MITCHELL

People generally feel pretty braced when they go racing at Cheltenham, not necessarily because they bring off startling coups, but because the course is sufficiently exalted to catch any fresh air that happens to be about. At last week's steeplechase meeting it was cold but fine, and the attendance was well up to standard. The first day's card opened with the Cleeve Selling Chase, which was won by Mr. A. Donn's Afrikander (seen on the right of the picture above). There was a big field for the Amateur Riders' Hurdle, which went to Mr. Blois' Rattlin the Reefer, and in the last event Mr. Peter Payne-Gallwey beat the professionals on Mr. R. Gubbins' Our Hope



MAJOR IRELAND AND MRS. CRIPPS  
BY THE SADDLING RING

Many well-known faces were to be seen in the Members' Enclosure at Cheltenham on the opening day of the November Steeplechase Meeting. Mrs. Cripps wore a wind-beating leather coat over her check suiting; Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, the wife of the Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) was warmly wrapped up, too. Miss Jocelyn Wingfield is the daughter of Lord Powerscourt's brother, Colonel the Hon. Maurice Wingfield. Major C. J. Vaughan, Herefordshire's High Sheriff, has just been appointed a D.L. for Monmouthshire



MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD, MISS  
FLOWER, AND MISS R. PILKINTON



ON THE MOVE: MRS. SEYMOUR  
ALLEN AND MAJOR VAUGHAN

# From the Shires and Provinces

## A Leicestershire Letter

It is a long time now since we had a foot-and-mouth "standstill," but thank goodness up to date there has been no further outbreak, and though the daily papers have published the most garbled reports, we have been able to hunt in places pretty regularly and by the time this appears may be all clear except for a small area. Owing to the outbreak the Quorn Saturday country, which looked like being curtailed in its days, came in for a heavy doing not altogether, it would seem, to the delight of the local inhabitants. Dozens of horse boxes appeared from the Melton side and their owners expressed astonishment at the good grass country they found. Many seemed to imagine that the far side of Prestwold Park was one huge primæval forest peopled by pigmies and wild boars and things. Hounds were unlucky not to kill their first fox, and worked up to and killed their second fox handsomely after a good hunt. Sailors do care after all when they've let go the painter while drawing a covert and their horse gallops away. Apparently sailors' wives care, too.

If the chestnut horse would only grow a double chin there would be room for another curb chain. His nose is becoming *retroussé* with all those nose-bands.

The Melton contingent got their first taste of the Leadenham Vale on the Tuesday, and found it just as good and much more difficult than the Belvoir Vale. The gentlemen from the Pytchley took a real turnbull over a gate, but it must be admitted his good horse had as much chance to rise as dough without baking powder. George, who seems to be out of luck, got a nasty kick on the head and was taken home unconscious, but the inquiries of his wife on arrival brought him round, and he's none the worse.

The morning's hunt finished, and horses were exchanged near the most charming old half-timbered house surrounded by wholly wire-boarded fences. Nothing much could be done in the afternoon on a failing scent, though one had ample opportunity of seeing what a tangle one could get into if hounds ran fast over such a country.

The Broughtons, the Harrisons, and the Broses will all be with us shortly, and with restrictions removed the business will be in full swing in less than a fortnight.

## From the Beaufort

Sir Walter Preston entertained the countryside most liberally at the Lawn Meet on Tuesday, and undoubtedly we had two of the fastest and best hunts over the walls of recent years. The only sad thing was the order for home was given so early, but alas! Master had cut his horse badly. Wednesday was spent in Lower Woods, but Thursday from Great Somerford was amusing in more ways than one, for after having a nice little hunt in the Dauntsey Vale, we were hunting slowly when we clashed with Maurice and his pack, who had evidently had a good hunt, both packs hunting on together to run to ground in the Earl's country. Tom certainly talked the most! It was all thrilling whilst it lasted, and all of us only wish they had really run on fast! We were sorry to see Mrs. Russell Wood fall heavily on the tarmac, but luckily no serious damage done. Saturday from Alderton was a poor day, and foxes literally died like flies! Everyone is getting wound up for the Yeomanry Ball on Thursday and for the opening of Peter's new ball-room. Rumour has it the landlord is presenting the ladies with bouquets!

## From the Heythrop

One swallow does not make a summer, but one swallow of the Bradwell Grove port, plus a bright warm sun, made it a very pleasant day's hunting. We were glad to see our host

sufficiently convalescent to follow us for a short time in a motor car. His son, too, with a broken collar-bone was having difficulty in holding his reins and taking off his hat with the same hand, but we took off our hat to him instead for coming out hunting at all. The lady pack were apt to pay just a little too much attention to hares, but those who live in Masters' houses shouldn't throw stones.

Owing to Friday being Armistice Day, the meet at Moreton-in-Marsh was changed to 11.30. There was a very large crowd, mounted and unmounted, to say nothing of motor cars. With regard to the latter, it seems essential that some form of birth control should be introduced for Baby Austins and Baby Morrisises. All sympathy to the visitor who was concussed and put completely *hors de combat* before we had started on the *hors d'œuvre*, and we also felt sorry for the gentleman from Rollright who raced the swinging gate but got beaten on the post and looked rather a limpy Impy. Banks Fee Gorse was blank, but not so Banks Fee cellar, and if only it was as easy to draw the New Gorse as to draw the old port's cork we should be on a certainty every time.

## From Lincolnshire

With one exception the various county packs, delayed by foot and mouth restrictions, have now made a regular start. The opening day of the Southwold (Belchford pack) was a huge success, for not only were there plenty of foxes, but the ensuing sport was good. The same pack had a topping day on November 10 from Hareby House—Mr. John Ramsden's house. He is one of the Joint Masters whose liquids and solids fortified all and sundry for the sport to follow. Mr. Ramsden also had four foxes in his snug little covert, and one of them provided a stirring fifty minutes before vanishing into thin air in Raithby Hall gardens. Followers had to cram on their hats and ride hard to keep anywhere near the pack, and there was a lot of tumbling and tossing about. The pace was a cracker, and only those having second 'osses remained to participate in another enjoyable dart from Hagnaby Gorse.

The Harrington pack kicked off on November 12 from Scremby Grange, the home of Miss Diana Brackenbury, Lincolnshire's first lady M.F.H. Dripping trees had driven the foxes out of covert. Only one outlier was disturbed, and he yielded his brush before he could get clear of the situation. Truly a disappointing opening day!

## From the Cheshire

Quite a big field met at Broomhall on Tuesday, but as usual things went wrong from Stick Covert, a brace going away in completely the wrong direction crossed the river.

The pack then divided, leaving the old and crafty members of the field "firmly put," bar three hearty Dianas, supported by a stalwart farmer, who continued the chase over the most unappetizing country, with part of the pack, hounds killing their fox in the North Stafford country. Unlike the "foolish virgins," these went prepared and, with the aid of (we believe) a pocket fruit knife, duly carried out the ceremony of breaking up the fox. And we heartily endorse the well-deserved praise they have already received in the Press.

Friday, from Bickley, reproduced "The Colonel," with every button doing its duty, the day being disappointing. Every time we looked like going in the Wrenbury direction hounds always swung back to Norbury; they, however, killed a fox in the Mosses during the afternoon.

Poor "Ursie" took a rotten one, due to a rabbit hole, but we are glad to know the back and head are improving. Not the happiest of débuts for the Bill Seeleys in Cheshire.

(Continued on p. vi)



Walter Brydon

## WITH THE BUCCLEUCH AT MERTOUN HOUSE

Colonel the Hon. H. Joicey, Lady Ellesmere, and Colonel Trotter at this recent tryst of the famous border pack. Mertoun is Lord Ellesmere's seat at St. Boswells. Colonel Joicey is an ex-Master of the North Northumberland



SIR GOMER BERRY'S SHOOTING PARTY AT HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD

M. Flandin, the French Finance Minister, was one of Sir Gomer Berry's guests at his recent week-end shoot in Bucks, and as Mr. Neville Chamberlain was also a member of the house party it is safe to assume that the burning question of war debts to America was unofficially discussed. In the back row of the above group are (left to right) Lord Cromer, Mr. Lionel Berry, Lord Cavan, Mr. Du Plessis, M. Flandin, Sir Gomer Berry, M. van der Heyden a Hauzeur, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and Mr. R. A. Walter. In front are—Mrs. Du Plessis, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Madame Flandin, Lady Berry, Lady Cavan, and Madame van der Heyden a Hauzeur

While Major A. L. Bonham-Carter (see right) got busy with a rocketing pheasant at Idsworth in Hants, the camera let fly too. The occasion was the Kennel Club's twenty-first Retriever Trials in which that well-known owner of gun-dogs, Lorna Lady Howe, was participating. Major Bonham-Carter, who is a particularly good shot and an ardent fisherman, used to be in the Sixtieth Rifles

## THE SHOOTING PARTY SPIRIT

The Camera Joins the Guns in England and Ireland



MAJOR AND MRS. BONHAM-CARTER AND LORNA COUNTESS HOWE



COVERT SHOOTING AT LOUGH FEA: MAJOR E. SHIRLEY'S GUESTS

Pool, Dublin

The group on the left was taken on Major E. Shirley's estate, near Carrickmacross where he had his first covert shoot of the season last week. In the back row are—Captain A. C. Innes, Colonel Charles Wheatley (over from Warwickshire), Lord HolmPatrick, the host, Captain Denis Daly, and Captain Edward Boylan; in front—Mrs. Charles Wheatley, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Edward Boylan, a daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, and Mrs. Denis Daly, who was formerly Miss Lennon. Major Shirley, a kinsman of Lord Ferrers, is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and a noted breeder of bloodstock. He is also Hon. Sec. to the Louth Hunt

# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING

## Seeking Peace.

**D**URING the summer I spent some weeks so far removed from the noisy wrangling of post-War civilization that there might never have been a war at all, nor any Peace Conferences or other dog-fights. London newspapers arrived two days old, and as there is nothing so flat as the newspaper of the day before yesterday, I never bothered to order one. The local weekly "rag" fulfilled all my need for excitement. Instead of reading the usual dreary news about the inevitably beautiful Society women, their clothes, their new homes, their horrible Antibes tan, and where they ate last night and with whom, I was much more entertained by a full description of the marriage of a well-known local resident, who generally turned out to be the schoolmistress or the doctor's daughter, and was married in a plain two-piece dress of blue serge, and received a set of three jugs from her future mother-in-law and an enamelled what-not from the girl guides. Instead of waxing apoplectic over yet another abortive conference at Geneva, I waxed enthusiastic over the local cricket team in its fight for the last place but one in the district league. I might, indeed, have been living in the world of twenty years ago, and it was a very peaceful world, and just because it was so peaceful, and peacefulness is nowadays another of those states of bliss which you have grown to look for only in Heaven, it seemed akin to happiness. For three weeks, indeed, I scarcely knew what was happening in the outside world, and after two days I simply did not care. For what did I find when I returned to civilization? I found that I had missed the details of several murders, much motor banditry, a few noisy political squabbles, and columns and columns which gently but firmly informed me that unless such and such was done at once I should have to face ruination, disaster, and death to everything which can make life worth living, apart from breathing so many times to the minute. Most depressing! For the worst of knowing all that is happening in the world, and the newspapers which record these events, the news only leaves us in a state of acute mental foreboding; all the more acute because you are utterly powerless to prevent or escape the dire tragedy which threatens to overtake you. So, as one cannot escape it, it is one up to happiness if you know nothing about it at all until it happens; or as little as you can. Thank Heaven, then, there are still hills and valleys, flowers and green fields, birds and the pageantry of the seasons, and an ever-changing and always wonderful sky above us all. The closer you wrap yourself tightly around with the loveliness of these things the more you can prolong an ecstasy of that happiness to which every life should have a right. Alas! the moment, however, as symbolically you open your garden gate and stand on the high road, you are assailed on every side by forebodings, insecurity, noise, fury, and revolt. No wonder it makes one retreat literally towards the

sanctuary of peaceful things apart—art, music, literature, Nature, alone-ness; the let's-pretend world of our dreams which runs so secretly and so happily alongside the world in which physically we have to live. Thus this week I have been indulging in a little library of fairy tales (more or less) and they have been as refreshing as driving alone through the midnight air after leaving a crowded, fashionable, and extraordinarily spiteful party.

## An Artful Experiment in the "Fey."

**B**arrie's "Farewell, Miss Julie Logan" (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.), was the first of these. A charming and artfully told little tale of a young Scots minister living in a lonely glen who met and fell in love with the spirit of a "Stranger" who haunted the glen. It was a shadowy romance and he was looked upon as being mad because none other saw her and only he believed that she was more than legend. Artfully, I say, the story is written, because from beginning to end it is embellished by the quaintest, cosiest, local words which light up and lend enchantment to the scene like the perfection of light illuminates a stage picture. And how, artfully, it succeeds! The

loneliness of the glen, the remoteness of its inhabitants, the belief in the reality of lovely disembodied spirits belonging to such a scene, are all made convincing by these artful means.

So Barrie once again makes us acknowledge fairies, and this, though only for so brief a while, is as a blessing from Heaven in a world which has begun to believe that the only modern fairy tales are those told us by statesmen and politicians.

## Frankly, for the Children.

**M**iss Flora Klickmann is equally artful. In her little story for young people, "Mystery in the Windflower Wood" (Putnam. 5s.), she gives the nicer modern child exactly the kind of make-believe story which that child usually loves. Gone, of course, is the glamour of fairy kings and queens, magic wands, and fairy godmothers. They have all turned into rabbits and squirrels, mice, moles, and even turtles. And none of them do fairy things. They simply act as human beings act, the charm of which lies in the very fact that Mrs. Rabbit puts her children to bed just the same as mother, and the bats challenge the fieldfares to a game of cricket as if they were playing at Lord's. Mickey the Mouse and Felix the Cat have long since ousted Prince Charming and the Beggared Maiden from the realms of children's fancy. And there is no moral, and no rewards proffered in these modern fairy stories. They even dare, and dare successfully, to be funny! Now no old fairy story was ever funny, unless a Christmas pantomime made it so. Consequently, Miss Klickmann weaves her tales with none of the threads which Hans Andersen knew or the Brothers Grimm worked out in beautiful romances. Her new story starts by the mysterious disappearance of a holly tree in which Mrs. Thrush had the night before put her children to

(Continued on p. 314)



ENGAGED: LORD SELBY AND MISS VERONICA BRISCOE-GEORGE

The engagement was announced early in November and the bride-elect is the elder daughter of the late Mr. J. Briscoe-George and Mrs. Briscoe-George of Starbottan, Yorkshire. Lord Selby succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1923



MRS. ROBERT BRAND AND LADY ASTOR, M.P.

America prefers to call them the Langhorne sisters, Phyllis and Nancy, and this picture was taken aboard the S.S. "Leviathan" on her arrival in New York harbour early this month

## A FLOATING ASSET!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



She: Do you care to come in a minute, Mr. Wilks, and listen to my portable inside?

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

bed. The next morning, indeed, The Hollies, which was the name Mr. and Mrs. Thrush had called their new abode, was found on the ground; otherwise intact, however, though Miss Adelaide Thrush, being modern in her ways, had disappeared, and was fending for herself in dangerous but delightful liberty. Later on the story proceeds to gather within its fold amusing little episodes in which squirrels, rabbits, owls, a tiny kitten who becomes stranded on a rock mid-stream, and a little dog who is falsely accused of sheep-chasing, is brought up for trial, triumphantly vindicated, and subsequently found to be a little hero. A few pleasant human beings flit in and out of the pattern, but except for a horrid farmer, who is the nearest approach to the wicked uncle of tradition, they are just as lovable and dear as the rabbits, the blackbirds, moles, white mice, and all the rest of the charming inhabitants of this charming little world. I think the book is a foregone Christmas-present success. Incidentally, it has been given quite enchanting illustrations by H. M. Brock.

## Another Animal Book.

E. V. Lucas's "The Day of a Dog" (Methuen. 2s. 6d.) is a fond and dog-loving description not only of all the dogs which the writer has owned and loved, but about most dogs everywhere. It is, of course, a book entirely for dog-lovers and dog-owners who want to find their affection echoed in the printed page, and Persis Kirmse has illustrated that affection very happily. Finally the book ends with a quotation from Walt Whitman which, being one of my favourite quotations, endeared the little book to me more than ever:

I think I could turn  
and live with animals,  
they are so placid and  
self-contained.

They do not sweat  
and whine about their  
condition.

They do not lie awake  
in the dark and weep for  
their sins.

They do not make me  
sick discussing their duty  
to God.

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of  
owning things.

Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of  
years ago.

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

## For the Unsophisticated Young Folk.

"The Polar Piggy" (Murray. 5s.), by B. G. Williamson, with illustrations by I. G. Williamson, is about a little pig who, leaving the Polar regions of his birth at the invitation of a fairy, joins a little boy and lives happily with him until an iceberg comes into sight, when the little Piggy cannot resist going home. The story is told in verse, and the amusing illustrations counteract the slight sadness of the little tale. Still, contrary to popular opinion, I think children rather like sad little tales. I can remember the gorgeous tears I wept over "Misunderstood" and "Pet" in those days of my youth which, nowadays, don't ever seem to have belonged to me at all. Such is life! I have quite forgotten the funny stories, strangely enough.

## Noel Coward's Good Joke.

But we will leave the "fey" and come back to the almost frightful. If you are a reader of the more advanced modern poetry and need a good laugh, get hold of "Spangled Unicorn" (Hutchinson. 6s.), an anthology by Noel Coward. It would have been even funnier, perhaps, if the poetry "guyed" therein had not seemed to be written by the same ponderous hand. But the loudest laugh of all comes from the photographs of the various poets whose biographies and the extracts from whose works make up the volume. What a superb collection!

## Mr. Cochran's New Volume.

And writing of Noel Coward brings me straight to Mr. C. B. Cochran's new volume of reminiscences, "I Had Almost Forgotten . . ." (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.). As interesting to those who are interested in the stage and in theatrical people as his first book, "Secrets of a Showman." A whole chapter is devoted to Mr. Coward. He praises him thus: "Now, one section of Noel's remarkable brain could have made him a master of industry, the president of an insurance company, or a Prime Minister. There is scarcely any job, I honestly believe, that he could not undertake with remarkable chance of success. He thinks quickly, and, knowing that I had commissioned composers to write songs for the revue (*On With the Dance*), he brought along six or seven before he wrote any dialogue, and while the other musicians were still strumming out tunes with wet rags round their heads. To placate the young author at our first interview, I promised to take any songs which pleased me. It turned out that everything he brought so delighted me that they were all accepted." So we learn the inner history of *Bitter Sweet* (in my opinion Noel Coward's high water mark so far) and of *Cavalcade*—that miraculous bit of pure theatre. But just as everything Mr. Cochran produces, even his failures, possess something memorable, something which it would be a loss to miss, so every page of his book has something of interest, whether it be descriptions of theatrical production, the management of a theatre, or the temperamental peevishness of stars. His reminiscences range from early hardships in America, the Rodeo at the British Empire Exhibition, the organization of big sporting contests, the production of revues, plays, musical comedies, and the art and science of publicity. And nothing pleases him more than being called a "Showman." For showman Mr. Cochran is. Without his showmanship the London stage would have been poor indeed. Playgoers have to thank Mr. Cochran more than any other theatrical manager for not only watching productions of sheer beauty, but of seeing plays and actors and actresses whom, without his enterprise, Londoners might never have seen at all. Reading his book makes one realize afresh how much we owe to him for most of the more exciting evenings of playgoing in recent years.



"There's a jolly thing! Big end's gone!"  
"Which end's that, dear?"

# THEY HAVE A SONG TO SING OH! Several Songs in Fact



LESLIE RANDS (GUISEPPE), MARJORIE EYRE (TESSA), ROWENA RONALD (CASILDA), MURIEL DICKSON (GIANETTA), AND CHARLES GOULDING, (MARCO) IN "THE GONDOLIERS"



SYDNEY GRANVILLE AS DON ALHAMBRA IN "THE GONDOLIERS"

MARTYN GREEN (JACK POINT) AND MURIEL DICKSON (ELSIE MAYNARD) IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

The D'Oyly Carte season progresses with its inevitable and all-convincing success and the little collection of pictures on this page will serve really as a handy little time-table of present and coming events at the Savoy. The "Yeomen of the Guard," for in-



"ACCEPT MY LOVE OR I PERISH ON THE SPOT": SIR HENRY LYTTON (KOKO) AND DOROTHY GILL (KATISHA) IN "THE MIKADO"

stance start a full week all to themselves on November 21, then "The Mikado" and his boy friend Koko (Sir Henry Lytton) have a week from the 28th and "The Gondoliers" from December 5, after which follows a Christmas Repertory season of all the operas, and it will include a few performances of "The Sorcerer" in which Sir Henry Lytton will be in his old part of John Wellington Wells, that wonderful necromancer and highly expert dealer in magic and spells. Under the title, "Till Curtain," Sir Henry Lytton has written an amusing and reminiscent foreword to the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan Record of the 1932-3 Season, published by "The Sphere." This wonderful collection of special pictures of the famous operas is now ready. All the operas are dealt with; the many newcomers to the cast make it an essential addition to the shelves of all Savoy opera enthusiasts. Beautifully printed in rotogravure it can be obtained from the publishers of "The Sphere" at 1s.

# A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—You hear funny things at times, don't you? Amongst the quaintest utterances recently was the statement of an authority that the main idea of the proposed floodlight Rugby was to give Rugby men an opportunity of keeping fit during the week. Such public spirit is rare among business men and it is pleasant to know that there was no question of making money. Candidly, I do not think

things from some of their own men. Well, if they have any centres in the North now is their chance, for with Don Burland injured and R. A. Gerrard not yet in form, there are two vacancies crying aloud.

Oxford cannot help, only one of her backs is an Englishman, and he is a stand-off half. The Cambridge men are hardly class enough, and the London club centres, with the possible exception of J. B. D. Chapman, of the Harlequins, do not make much appeal. Mention of the Quin's centre reminds me that the other day his brother, K. H., turned out at full back for the Harlequins against Richmond, and he played very well too, fielding and catching safely, and kicking an enormous length with great accuracy.

I saw a head-line the other day which seemed fully justified: "London Rugby Not Good enough." It is perfectly true, and it is what some of us have been saying for some time now. Rarely, indeed, during the first two or three months of the season do we see a good, or even an interesting game. I am convinced that the reason is a lack of intelligence, or football sense. What are the captains of to-day thinking about? Omitting the giants of the past, do people think that men like Davies, Stoop, Wakefield, or Tom Voyce attained their consummate skill without intense study of every feature of the game? Take, for example, the leadership of the forwards. Nowadays,

it appears, all you have to do to gain a reputation as a leader is to run about shouting. It seems an easy way of attaining prominence, and it certainly does produce publicity. It also causes much mirth to the old hands who know what leadership really means, and can remember the men who were pastmasters of the art.

General sympathy is felt for that most unlucky of footballers, W. H. Sobey, who it is feared may have finished for the season. He must be very tired of being crooked, for he has had far more than his share of accidents. He has been playing very well this season, and might easily have been in the running for another cap. B. C. Gadney, who did so well against Scotland, will have to fight to keep his place. Report has it that E. E. Richards, who was capped twice in 1929 and then dropped, is again at the top of his form.

HARLEQUIN.



THE OLD MILLHILLIANS' TEAM

R. S. Crisp

The team which inflicted a real crusher on the Old Leysians at the recent encounter at the Wandsworth Ground—34 points to 5

The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—J. Cross-Brown (vice-president), A. Trollope (referee), A. E. C. Foster, R. J. Edwards, J. B. Smith, R. W. Singer, N. S. Farren, A. J. McLennan, and R. B. Hall. Seated—J. F. Tippet, J. F. Laphorn, J. C. Renham, W. H. Sobey (captain), R. S. Spong, A. M. Meikle, and D. V. Saunders

that the public would journey to any ground and pay an entrance fee to see even such distinguished performers as W. W. Wakefield and Dr. R. Cove-Smith disport themselves in a flood-lit arena.

Our game might be left alone if only the commercially-minded gentlemen who interfere with it from time to time could grasp the fact that there is no money in Rugby. Outside International matches and a few others, such as the Varsity match and the Army v. Navy fixture, Rugby gates are almost negligible from the big money point of view. It is only at Twickenham, and even there only on certain dates, that the gate runs into figures. On other occasions and elsewhere it is sometimes hardly worth charging for admission. That is why, in spite of annual threats of crises in Rugby, there is no chance for a professional development of Rugby in London.

Individual cases stand in an entirely different light. Wales lost J. Morley, their splendid wing, to the professional game in the North at the beginning of the season. Morley knows his own business best, and no one can or ought to blame him if he has made a good bargain. Indeed nearly everybody will wish him the best of luck. And now T. Scourfield, the Torquay full-back who has been playing for Devon and who once appeared for Wales against France, has also gone North. I hope he will be as successful as the last Torquay full-back whom pressure of domestic circumstances drove out of the amateur game.

Our selectors are having their usual orgy of travelling, one or two of them especially, and they must be very glad when the trials begin, for then they do know where they are. They have a jolly little trip to Sunderland in front of them next week, and the good people of the North are looking forward to the trial game, and are hoping great



THE OLD LEYSIANS

R. S. Crisp

Who got such a drubbing from the Old Mill Hill lads (picture above) in the recent match

The names, left to right, are: Back row—E. S. Morris, L. H. Watson, A. Lumsden, C. M. Spink, R. D. Holloway, R. M. Hockin, C. W. Thynne, E. R. Hargreaves. Front row—H. S. Hargreaves, W. A. C. Nicoll, R. Smith, P. W. E. Holloway (captain), J. M. Lee, J. T. Alliston, K. B. Kilner



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

Autori's impression of the distinguished actor-manager, now playing opposite Miss Gertrude Lawrence in "Behold, We Live." Born in 1873, Sir Gerald du Maurier is still one of the most outstanding stage figures of the day, whose charm and naturalistic technique—he has no cause to beware of imitations, though these have frequently been attempted—can transform even a merely mediocre play into a sparkling success. An old Harrovian, a very benevolent personality, an entertaining conversationalist, and a good friend, Sir Gerald is addicted to golf in his spare moments. He has a catholic taste in clubs, being a member of the Eccentric and the Athenæum as well as the Green Room and the Garrick

# The Same Safe Old Stimulant



"My stand-by for over 50 years — Dewar's"



*Marcus Adams, Dover Street*

**LADY NUNBURNHOLME AND HER CHILDREN, THE  
HON. CHARMIANE AND THE HON. BEN WILSON**

The camera rarely has accomplished anything much better than this charmingly composed picture, and many a brother of the brush of both ancient and modern times might well be envious. Lady Nunburnholme, formerly Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, is one of the most beautiful women in England, and she married the present Lord Nunburnholme in 1927. He succeeded to the title in 1924, and was then a subaltern in the 10th Hussars. The heir, the Hon. Ben Wilson, was born in 1928, and his sister in 1930

## SOME FROM ERIN



*Poole, Dublin*  
AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MRS. B. M. WEBSTER  
AND W. BEASLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY



*Poole, Waterford*  
WITH THE TIPPERARY:  
MRS. MASTERS

## AND ELSEWHERE



*Poole, Dublin*  
AND ALSO LEOPARDSTOWN: THE HON. MRS.  
BRINSLEY-PLUNKET AND THE HON. MRS. WRIGHT

In spite of all things, people in Ireland are doing their best to keep up their courage, and hope for more placid times to restore the general balance and redress the present very desperate agricultural distress. Leopardstown Races drew quite a big crowd. Mrs. Webster, who owns a lot of horses in Ireland, is English. She had "Impudent Barney" in this year's Grand National, but he was scratched at the last moment. He will probably run in next year's race if all goes well. Beasley, one of the famous family, is one of Ireland's best jockeys. The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley-Plunket is a daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness. The Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright is Lord and Lady Powerscourt's only daughter, and Mr. Fitzherbert Wright was formerly in the 15th-19th Hussars. Mrs. Masters is probably one of the best women to hounds and over a point-to-point course in all Ireland. She has a long string of wins to her credit



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM



SIR FREDERICK AND LADY KEEBLE AT OXFORD

The Duke of Marlborough was sniped by the camera on one of the now (we fear) vanished sunny days. Blenheim is one of the show places of the world, and incidentally about the largest private house in England. Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's famous seat, is, however, hardly less spacious; in fact, it is doubtful which is the bigger. Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble are both keen on gardening of the real kind. She, of course, is better known to her public as Miss Lillah McCarthy, the famous actress



## HULLO! TWINS

The children's hour in Charles Street: Virginia and James Beck and the Hon. Mrs. Beck at home

COMPANIONS OF THE BATH: VIRGINIA AND JAMES GET INTO HOT WATER

*Swaebe*



"ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

*Swaebe*



THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK

*Clude Harris*

The camera recently paid an evening call at 7, Charles Street, Mayfair, and was thus able to record these impressions of a happy family. That the Hon. Mrs. James Beck is devoted to her twins is not surprising, for it would be difficult to find more delightful three-year-olds than Virginia and James. They certainly return the compliment, having long ago decided that three is not a crowd where their mother is concerned. Lord Glenconner's only sister married Mr. James Beck, as her third husband, in 1928. She is still one of the most admired people in society, and quite rightly



BEFORE LEAVING FOR AMERICA:  
MAURICE CHEVALIER'S FAREWELL  
DINNER AT THE SHEHERAZADE

**T**RÈS CHER,—I am writing this in the hush of Armistice Day! This is poetic... but it is also true! The martial sounds of the troops gathering for the March Past at the Unknown Soldier's grave; the lilting military music and the commemorative booming of the cannon are over; the streets are empty (Parisians are "celebrating" out of town), and one hears nothing but the hollow rattling of collection-boxes. The whole history of post-war times is resumed in that noise, for it makes us realise the muddle and precariousness of existence nowadays, and that all the young lives that were sacrificed during the war were sacrificed in vain! I am never quite sure whether Armistice Day is one of sadness or of rejoicing. That of 1918 was of rejoicing—undiluted—but ever since it has become sadder and sadder each year, and to-day—the weather being grey and muggy, as a crowning touch—it has, outwardly at all events, all the glumness of a pre-war London Sunday!

Well... I have done my duty; bought my Flanders poppies and my Tricolour rosettes, and I have stood, in memory's silent communion, by the Arc de Triomphe, while the bugles played the "Last Post," and I am back at home, where—sez I—"thank God for a crackling log fire and some new books."

I have already glanced through Maurice Verné's latest volume of reminiscences, "Les Amuseurs de Paris" which is a sequel to his "Usines des Plaisirs" and again makes us free of the Paris music-hall *coulisses*; it also tells many hitherto unknown anecdotes of Sarah Bernhardt, Hortense Schneider, and other great names of the past, and Verné's manner of writing about them is very moving. I love the *coulisses* of the theatre and spend more time there than perhaps I should do, though they are a wonderful source of *potins*. The other day I wandered into Jeanne Provost's dressing-room at the Madeleine for a spot of gossip between the matinée and the evening performance, and there I had the joy of barging into C. B. Cochran, who had been passing the time o' day with Yvonne Printemps. Now, when one meets C. B. coming out of Yvonne's dressing-room with a cheery smile on his friendly phiz, one naturally jumps to rash conclusions! But the Greatest Showman in the World was entirely non-committal as to his plans for Yvonne's future. The only thing he would admit was that he holds her absolute promise that her next appearance in London will be under his management. We spoke, therefore, of many other things and people! Of Alice Delysia, for instance, who has been to Berlin in order to see the Strauss musical play that is being adapted for her, and in which you will see her in London this winter; then, having complimented Jeanne Provost on her excellent English and me on my passable French, C. B. departed, for he was due at

## Priscilla in Paris

The heart of Paris is badly cracked; its preux Chevalier has left for America. Before he embarked on his Atlantic crossing the one and only Maurice was given a farewell dinner at that fashionable night haunt, the Sheherazade. On the left he is seen with four of his special friends, including the well-known Parisian singer M. Pizella, Miss Zaidee Jackson and Miss Album. Prince Youssouppoff was also dining at the Sheherazade that night



PRINCE FELIX YOUSSEUPOFF, MME. MEUNIER AND PRINCE LATFALLAH

the Capucines to see Rip's amusing *Revue*. BUT, Cöckie dear, if *you* are discreet, other people are less so, and at a supper-party the same evening I met someone who had a lot to say—and said it! You were not alone during your interview with Yvonne, were you, and—oh, boy!—somebody listened in and, subsequently, opened their mouth—wide! Don't blame me if I pass on the glad news that Yvonne has promised to learn to speak English, and that a certain very clever and popular young English dramatist (whose Christian name makes one think of Christmas) is to write a play for her in which she will act the rôle of a Frenchwoman—thus utilising her accent—and that there will be an important musical score for her to sing! This may not be true, but, nevertheless, it sounds likely... far more so than the rumour that has been going round Paris of her appearance in a spectacular production at the Châtelet: that great shabby barn of a place with its audience of *petits boutiquiers*, who know nothing about acting and care less, and only want noise and colour. Yvonne would be as out of place in there as, say, Marie Tempest in Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane!

I have let my love of theatrical gossip run away with me, and I have but little space left in which to tell you of the thrilling visit I made to the "life class" at André Lhôte's "Académie" the other afternoon. Thrilling... not because of the little model in her birthday suit (the Casino and the Folies-Bergère have inured us to that sort of thing), but because of its unique situation, and because, of course, André Lhôte is a very big noise amongst the Moderns. He is represented in most of the important public galleries, and, at the age of forty-six, is one of the most discussed artists of the day. The studio in which his classes are held is in the Montparnasse quarter. Just at the back of the station there is a crowded narrow street of houses and shops, out of which one suddenly turns into a rustic alley. Crowded into this small space one finds a Russian church, a hospital, a nigger dive, a night cabaret and, at the top of an "outside" flight of wooden stairs—the Studio! For sheer picturesqueness it is hard to beat! With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



NANCY CARROLL AND THE LUCKY PUP OF HOLLYWOOD

Nancy Carroll and the lucky little hound were "took" when on holiday in the attractive Hollywood mountains known as the Beverley Hills, the place where all the more opulent film big boys and big girls have country seats, and, from all accounts, they earn every bit of the rest they get. Dorothy Bouchier, who is British and also beautiful, is Mrs. Harry Milton in private life, and is at the moment busy in a British film, "The King's Cup," all about the great air race. The kit Miss Bouchier is wearing in the picture is not usually worn in an aeroplane. Mr. Herbert Marshall, who is in the other picture with that clever Miss Miriam Hopkins, is Miss Edna Best's husband, and as good an actor on the celluloid as he is on the real stage, and that is saying a mouthful!

HERBERT MARSHALL AND MIRIAM HOPKINS IN "TROUBLE IN PARADISE"

## STRAIGHT OFF THE CELLULOID



*Sasha*  
DOROTHY BOUCHIER—A RISING BRITISH LEONID—OR STAR

## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



## Only a Barmaid's Daughter

ABOVE, GORDON HARKER AS POTMAN. MARION LORNE AS WOMANLY BARMAID. ON LEFT, NEVILLE BROOK, RUINED BY RACING, SIGNS AWAY THE DEAR OLD INN TO BOOKMAKER GODFREY TEARLE



IT was on a Tuesday, the day when Horatio Bottomley won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Dissolve from Sam the potman's 1932 voice, telling the tale, into his inn's 1899 past. Tunes are surer than sights or sounds

to make your heart-strings crack; and Mr. Walter Hackett is a wise playwright. He knows what he is doing in *Road House* when, fading the Angel Inn thirty-four years backward, he introduces 1899 through two black buskers singing Eugene Stratton's "Lily of Laguna," outside the door. "I know she likes me, I know she likes me, bekaz she says so." This, more than the gentry in grey frock-coats and the wasp-waist barmaid in the parlour, persuades one that here indeed is an inn on the late Victorian Portsmouth Road.

The adaptability of the female form has always astonished me. How the devil do hip-bones and firm flesh become so plastic? Within a decade, the same waist, bust, and lower back can edge up and down, expand like a frog's chest, or shrink into next to nothing. Miss Marion Lorne's figure, up till now, has always seemed a good normal example of the type belonging to the womanly woman, post-war grade. For the 1899 scene, she suddenly contracts her waist into twenty inches or so; and the moderately post-war shape is able to resemble a twin-cylinder egg-cup. Coy mannerisms and a Gibsonian hair-bun add to the authenticity of Belle the barmaid, the toast of racing gentry and bookies, and benevolent goddess to Sam the potman.

Belle's own true love is Algy Hamble, who wears black looks

above one of the grey frock-coats. Married and well connected, he is, in the natural scheme of things Victorian, far beyond her station; but his bank account has gone on losers, and his wife, because of the low intrigue with a barmaid, will pay his debts no longer. To settle the day's account with Donovan the bookmaker, he must make over his last remnant of property, the dear old Angel Inn. All is lost, except the love and wits of a barmaid. It is evident, from Godfrey Tearle's manner of pulling down his red waistcoat, adjusting his horseshoe pin, and curling his moustaches while ordering champagne at the bar, that Donovan wants the girl more than the inn. So Belle, by promising to be kind to Donovan (whose wife fails to understand a bookmaker's heart), bilks him of a deed of gift for the inn. The chestnuts stand saddled at the back door. With the deed of gift safe in her reticule, the barmaid elopes with Algy to Cape Town, there to become a leader of fashion.

I have given so much space to this short scene not because it makes so charming a pastiche, but because the inn imposes itself on *Road House* as the leading character, notwithstanding the well-suited talent of Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, and Gordon Harker. It is the last-named, as Sam, whose narrative of the Angel is neatly used for the fade-out. Before it, we have had Donovan, the 1932 son of Donovan the 1899 bookie, plugging with his revolver



SMASH-AND-GRABBERS: RICHARD GRAY, CHARLES QUARTERMAINE



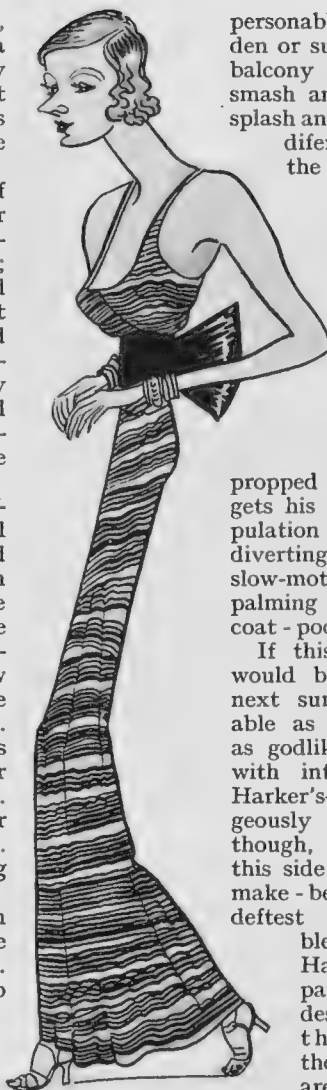
SHEILA COURTNEY, CHRISTINE BARRY

the tyres of Kitty Hamble, daughter of Belle the barmaid, because the number of her car has been wirelessly from a smash-and-grab raid in Regent Street. Here by chance they are, the offspring from old adversaries, outside the decrepit inn ruined by a new by-pass road. Donovan sharpens his pencil for evidence against the home-coming daughter of the woman who bilked his father.

Coincidence may stretch as far as you like in this kind of comedy of adventure. It soon brings to the Angel, for instance, the real criminals. It would appear that the depression has made smash-and-grab into a fashionable calling; its practitioners are here a pair of contemporary Algies and girl who seems to have stepped from a point-to-point page in *The Tatler*. Their immediate function is to feed Godfrey Tearle with a clue, and Marion Lorne with opportunity to act as amateur barmaid, so that she can apply sentiment and nice awkwardness to her mother's bottles and beer-engines. The episode fits Miss Lorne's comic gift perfectly, and suggests that Mr. Hackett may perhaps have made a minute study of her capabilities.

From inn to road-house; from Angel to Angel Face. Another transformation of the same background is as colourful as was the fade-out into the 'nineties. The road-houses round London, new as an institution, are mostly a cross between super-garage and supper-club (their pioneer, indeed, the Ace of Spades, is enterprising enough to advertise on the theatre programme). They began by serving coffee and bacon-and-eggs for bright young owner-drivers. The cafeterias grew into restaurants, serving all sorts of lubricants to help the journey home; and various inns entered the midnight lists. Swimming-pools followed the snack tables; evening dress appeared beyond the petrol pumps. It became a summer habit to park a bathing-suit in one's favourite road-house. So Kitty, to spite her father's superior relatives living near the Angel Inn, transforms it into the Angel Face Road House. She was only a barmaid's daughter, but she wasn't among the mugs.

Nymphs in Lido half-and-halves float down the stairs from the ladies' room, en route for swimming-pool or telephone booth, which specialises in deceptive messages to husbands. Nymphomaniacs with titles and sinuous ways pick up



JEANNE STUART.  
OR ENTICEMENT  
WHILE YOU WAIT

personable strangers, and entice them into garden or summer house. Suave crooks roam the balcony with panther tread: aristocrats who smash and grab mingle with aristocrats who splash and blab. Sam the potman is now a splendiferous manager in white tie. Donovan the cop, in a dinner jacket, is there to get his man; and Marion Lorne's inconsequential ways entangle Kitty the proprietress ever deeper in the Regent Street robbery. She has discovered the criminals, but cannot expose them because their leader is running off to South Africa with her long-lost sister (Cape Town has a monopoly concession in elopements from the Angel). The chief crook having plugged a colleague, the corpse, disguised as a drunk, is propped into an alcove. Before Donovan gets his man, and Kitty gets hers, the manipulation of plot becomes macabre but vastly diverting, with particular reference to the slow-motion sleight-of-hand used by Sam for palming a pearl necklace into a criminal's coat-pocket.

If this road house were true to type, it would be worth while searching such places next summer for a proprietress as remarkable as Marion Lorne, a plain-clothes cop as godlike as Godfrey Tearle, and a manager with interchangeable accents like Gordon Harker's—Cockney for the staff, and a gorgeously high-life one for the guests. That, though, is an ideal not to be discovered this side of the footlights. Its alternative in make-believe is the

deftest mixture yet blended by the Hackett-Lorne partnership, and deserves to draw the tens of thousands that are flocking to the Whitehall Theatre.

Marion Lorne

ably uses her particular formula for lamb-like humour; and those who liked her as telephone operator and restaurant adventuress will like her very much as a road-house queen. Gordon Harker equals his best done on stage or screen, and looks more than ever like a hilarious parody of Gerald du Maurier. Charles Quartermaine is a good crook and an impressive corpse. Jeanne Stuart applies amusing abandon, and *danse du ventre* poses, to her part as the lady who wants to be loved. Dan and Van busk like old minstrel hands. An Italia Conti pupil named Ronald Chuter does his effective bit as a cheeky page-boy. Godfrey Tearle answers the maiden lady's prayer for an idealised policeman, in and out of uniform. The only misplaced character in the supporting cast is his assistant in the force, who lacks the inches and the divine calm which convince American visitors that our London police are just wonderful.



GODFREY TEARLE ON  
A COP'S NIGHT-OUT



MARION LORNE AS ROAD-HOUSE QUEEN.  
GORDON HARKER AS GENT



LORD AND LADY CARSON

A recent snapshot of the distinguished Orangeman and his wife. Lord Carson was one of the many North of Ireland personalities gathered at Belfast last week to welcome the Prince of Wales when H.R.H. went over to Ulster to open the new Parliament buildings

## SNAPPED UP IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS



ALL DRESSED UP AT KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Crisp

Above are the participants in a Poppy Day party arranged by King's College, Cambridge, in aid of Lord Haig's Fund. One draw was the presence of Mr. Jim Mollison, and another the possibility of winning a week-end in Paris for two! The names were supplied as follows: (back row) Mr. Few, Mr. J. Tickell, Sir L. Elphinstone, Mr. P. Loftus, Mr. L. H. Garrett, Mr. W. Russell and Mr. Courtenay; (sitting) Mr. W. H. Leather, "Miss C. A. Lamity," Mr. J. A. Mollison, "Miss D. I. Saster" and Mr. J. S. Becker; (in front) Mr. A. Blair



Walter Brydon

LADY STRATHEDEN AND MRS. USHER

A snapshot taken when the Jed Forest met last week at Lord and Lady Stratheden's home, Hartrigge, near Jedburgh. Mrs. Usher, who is seen on the right, is the wife of Major John Usher, the new Master of the Jed Forest Hounds. Lady Stratheden was Miss Jean Anstruther-Gray before her marriage. She has three little girls



LADIES IN WAITING

Lady Joan Villiers, Lady Violet Pakenham and Lady Cynthia Slessor—a recent picture taken at Woodley Aerodrome. Lady Cynthia Slessor's elder daughter, Lady Joan Villiers, is one of the newest brides-to-be, her engagement to Mr. David Colville having been announced on November 14. Mr. Colville is the eldest son of the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville, and a kinsman of Lord Colville and Lord Crewe. Like his future brother-in-law, Lord Jersey, Mr. Colville is concerned with banking



TIT FOR TAT: THE NEGRO IN HADES

By H. M. Bateman



CONCENTRATION: AN IMPRESSION OF THE MAKING OF

By A. E. BESTALL



# MAKING OF A CLOSE-UP IN A BRITISH FILM STUDIO

By A. E. BESTALL.

# TWINKLING WITH ABDULLAS

Give  
Abdulla  
Cabinets  
at  
Christmas



Give  
Abdulla  
Cabinets  
at  
Christmas

## THE MAKING OF A TALKIE STAR

Gregory Spado—who brings to the Screen  
'Romantic allure that is boyish and clean'—  
Has refused sixty offers of marriage ;  
He features a chin too deliciously square,  
The ears of a duke and most lovable hair  
And is slimly Etonian in carriage.

But his Beauty Assistants have plenty to do  
For they train back the ears with invisible glue,  
And remodel his curls and their colour ;  
What with surgical aids to develop the chin  
And devices for keeping him poignantly thin,  
His one Comfort in life is Abdulla !

F. R. HOLMES.

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An entirely new packing containing 100 Salisbury cigarettes all hall-marked Abdulla—either Turkish or Virginia or 50 of each—and costing only 5/6.



A WHEATLAND GROUP

Truman Howell

Lord and Lady Acton, Captain G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore, M.F.H., and Miss Frances Pitt, M.F.H., snapped at Tickford Hall



WITH THE OXFORD DRAG

Mr. G. J. C. Mercer-Nairne, Mr. J. Lakin, Mrs. H. F. King, Mr. P. C. Oldfield (Master) and the Hon. P. M. Samuel



Truman Howell

WITH THE ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND AT HAGLEY HALL

Viscountess Cobham, the Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton, Viscount Cobham, M.F.H., the Hon. Viola and Hon. Audrey Lyttelton



THE ROSS HARRIERS' OPENING DAY Truman Howell

Mrs. Eric Bailey, Miss Kathleen Heywood, Miss E. Heywood, Captain Harry Oliphant and Colonel G. B. Heywood

Touching wood and so forth, and in spite of the setback in Leicestershire, where the cows are indisposed, the chase in all its departments is now very busy, and it is a good sign of the preservation of our national morale that this is so. Miss Frances Pitt, M.F.H. (Joint with Captain Wolryche-Whitmore of the Wheatland), is noted, as most of the world knows, as a writer of some very attractive natural history books and articles. Tickford, where the Wheatland meet, is Lord Acton's house. The day the Oxford Drag group was taken, they were having a go with a real fox. Mr. Mercer-Nairne is the son of the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne and Lady Violet Astor. The Ross Harriers had their opening day at Carradoc Court, Ross, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Lord Cobham is Master of the Albrighton Woodland, and hounds were at Hagley, his seat, when this picture was taken. The Rufford, of which Lord Titchfield and Colonel R. Thompson are Joint Masters, were at Egmonton when the camera blazed into the brown of 'em



WITH THE RUFFORD

Howard Barrett

The Duke of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Titchfield, Mrs. Roger Wethered, Miss Sinclair and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck



A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. MORITZ BY NIGHT

TO the ordinary Englishman, winter sports conjure up snow-covered slopes in Switzerland, and, for the moment, little else. Other desirable environments for ski-ing, etc., may perhaps be found elsewhere, but at present our thoughts turn to Switzerland, and Switzerland alone. Now this country, like Gaul, can be divided into three parts—there is the Engadine area, the Bernese Oberland area, and the rest of Switzerland. The third part, although undoubtedly the biggest, and having many points of interest, does not come within the purview of our consideration of this worthy republic.

The Bernese Oberland numbers, amongst other spots, Wengen and Mürren, and here there is little doubt but that the English school of ski-ing has been developed in the most intensive way. I think it redounds to their credit that they can put into the field to-day English teams, either of men or women, who literally can compete with amateurs from any other country in the world. When you think how short a period can usually be allotted for holidays, ski-ing by Englishmen in general—if they are knocking at the door of the first class—must be a very intensive training indeed. Curling and skating, although playing a prominent part in the lives of those interested in such pastimes, pursue their course—happily, I hope—but without the glare of publicity attached to Bernese Oberland ski-ing.

The Engadine is, of course, the "posh" place for winter sports. Here you may become quite a distinguished winter sportsman by rising smartly at 12.30 noon and posing outside a prominent hotel for a few minutes, complete with a "lovely," after which no more strenuous exercise need be indulged in. Such is the glare of publicity which focusses itself upon St. Moritz, helped out by the admirable light for photography in all its branches. Life in the Engadine is death-dealing and death-saving. You may always crash yourself to bits on the Cresta, or in too-vigorous ski-ing, or you can hasten to an untimely demise even more surely by indulging in the strenuous night life which can approach most towns in Europe. Nowhere can such joys be offered with such variety. On the other hand, these areas offer great recuperative facilities to those who are ill, and, although many will not notice it, the visitors may be divided broadly into two classes—those anxious to go to a hospital, and those who have seen too much of them, and wish for health. One convivial friend of mine, visiting an outlying village for a curling match, where many were living for health, told me that the chief winter sport was taking off your hat to funerals!

Skating has had much encouragement in this country by virtue of the many new rinks that have been started. Enthusiasts can continue their studies of this very perilous form of locomotion under the most beautiful surroundings possible,

but I warn them that skating—serious skating—at one time one of the most important of winter sports, is certainly not so to-day.

To the youthful male, anxious for a thrill and to test his skill, St. Moritz is the home of the unique Cresta. But do not approach this sport under the impression that anyone else will be interested in your performances. If you like it, you will like it for itself, and for no other reason. It takes place from about 8.45 a.m. until 11 a.m., and for that reason is run almost entirely deserted by onlookers, as most of the inhabitants of St. Moritz are asleep at that hour. For pure sport and undiluted thrill and pleasure, it is in a class entirely by itself. In this connection let me say a word as an old rider, that its dangers are very much exaggerated. If you are not trying to extract the last tenth of a second out of the Run, it is certainly a safer sport than crossing Piccadilly.

Now we come to ski-ing in the Engadine. The serious ski-er goes to Pontresina, and there they generate a superiority complex which is interesting for the St. Moritzers to note, but which, unfortunately, most St. Moritzers do not note, as they are entirely self-centred in their own life, and entirely oblivious of what the keen ski-ers of Pontresina think, or do not think, of St. Moritz. If you are a keen ski-er, St. Moritz offers a whole range of wonderful trips, as the railway facilities are quite extensive and good. Most of the ski-ing, however, is of a local type, and is served by two funiculars starting from the middle of the town. On the whole, the standard of ski-ing is extremely bad, and there are no schools of a co-operative type as are found at most other winter sport centres. This, I think, is a pity, but, on the other hand, St. Moritz has this peculiarity: that you will find there, in all sports, the greatest experts and the biggest collection of duffers. Frankly, if I were to start again at any new sport, I would rather start it at St. Moritz, as, however bad you are at anything, you are bound to find hundreds worse than yourself. This, for a beginner, is extremely comforting.

Last, but not least, there is what is called the "roaring" game—a somewhat pretentious title for the peaceful game of "curling." This modification of bowls, upon ice, derived from our Northern tribes, does not make a strong appeal to the casual visitor at first. But beware of it. It is the same thing with golf, yet once anybody has been bitten with these Scotch diseases, they become entirely "gaga," and can think and talk of nothing else. They speak a strange tongue, they wear the oddest of clothes, they are, indeed, entirely innocuous and supremely happy. So far I have disinfected myself from the curling bug and escaped, but many of my friends have fallen.

I do not suppose any article on winter sports is

(Continued on page xiv)



COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.

The author of the article on this page, and one of the outstanding figures in the annals of the famous Cresta



TWO LITTLE SKI-ERS AT AROSA

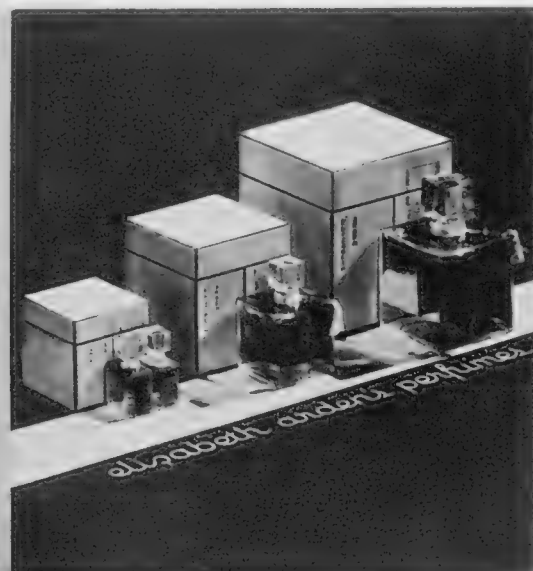
# \* \* \* a Beautiful Gesture

There is one gift that no woman has ever refused: Beauty. It is not the gift of a day, nor of a season. Beauty is forever cherished

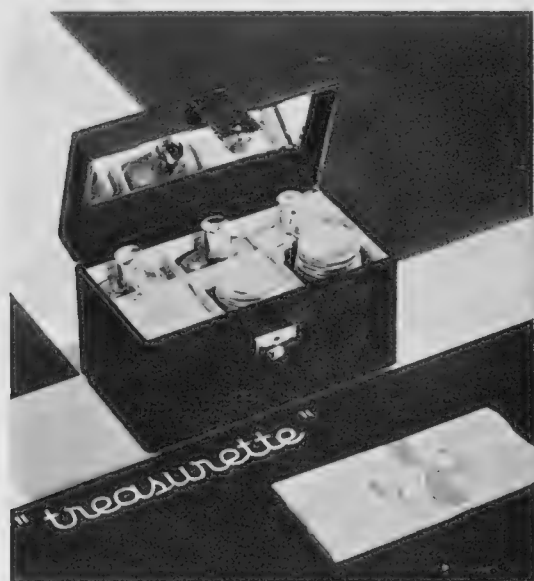
There is one woman whose name is known the world over, *Elizabeth Arden* has made *Woman* more beautiful. Her life's work can be found within the bottles, jars and packages which bear her name. To give one of these is to give beauty. A woman could not hope for more. It is the gesture beautiful



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MISS BILLIE SCHOFIELD

Curling Studios

The camera pays tribute to beauty with this engagingly posed head-study of a young actress. Miss Billie Schofield played in Mr. Cochran's "Evergreen"; lately she has been doing film work

A KIND-HEARTED old man observed a woman slowly pushing a pram up a very steep hill. He volunteered assistance, which was gratefully accepted. When, after much exertion, he reached the top, he said to the woman, who was thanking him profusely: "It's a pleasure to do it. But, as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Baby!" cried the woman in surprise. "Lor' bless you, sir, it ain't a baby; it's me 'usband's beer."

A nervous young barrister was conducting his first case. "My lord—er—and gentlemen of the jury," he stammered. "My unfortunate—I say, my unfortunate—er—my unfortunate client—er—"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, "pray proceed. The court is undoubtedly with you so far."

The superior young man had been shown to his room in the hotel. "So this is for me!" he grumbled. "Rather like a prison, don't you think?"

"Well, it's just a matter of what one is used to, sir," was the quiet reply.

"We'd better stop the game now that we're even," said the first card-player.

"Even!" exclaimed the other. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, a little time ago you had all my money, and now I've got all yours!"

Asked to what he attributed his great age, a centenarian replied, "The first seventy years of my life were spent before the invention of motor-cars, and the last thirty years I've spent in bed."

"that I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But what I will do is to arrange a handsome legacy for you in my will."

"That's very kind indeed of you, Mr. Smith," said the doctor. "Allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration which I would like to make in it."

Before delivering the sentence, the magistrate said sternly to the prisoner in the dock: "I don't believe that you've ever done anyone a good turn in all your life."

"Well, your worship," replied the prisoner, "I've given regular employment to four detectives for twenty years."

A works manager one morning discovered chalked on his office door the following inscription:

"The wages of sin are death, but the wages paid by this firm are a damn sight worse."

A depressed-looking man entered the restaurant. A waiter bustled up.

"What will you have, sir?" he asked. "Some cold shoulder?"

"No, thanks; I had that this morning."

"Well, some tongue then, sir?"

"No thanks; I'll get that to-night."

A man called at the local police-station.

"Constable," he said, "can I see the man who was arrested last night for breaking into my house?"

"I'm afraid you can't, sir," replied the policeman, "but what did you want to see him for?"

"I just want to know how he got in—without waking my wife!"



AMERICA'S NEW FILM VAMP

Sharon Lynne, who will play the part of Mona Lowe, radio-station siren, in "The Big Broadcast," a new picture. Miss Lynne's charms include lovely arms and the most perfect legs

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# Gin



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It is the most wholesome Gin known—braces the system and eliminates all impurities. It is easily digested and aids the digestion of other beverages with which it is mixed. A little added to Sherry or Vermouth makes a good appetiser, and is a safeguard against rheumatic tendencies. Have you tried Gordon's Gin in your Beer—known as a "Dog's Nose"?

12/- per bottle (U.K. only).

Supplied also in  $\frac{1}{2}$ s,  $\frac{1}{4}$ s, and miniatures.

# Those who value their health order

# Gordon's

## DOCTORS INSIST UPON IT

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

**N**O better herald to the hunting season than Will Ogilvie's collected poems could possibly arrive, and I tender a note of personal thanks to my friend for the signed copy he has just sent me. *The Collected Verse of Will H. Ogilvie* (Constable; 12s., with thirty-two coloured plates by Lionel Edwards) is the full title of this volume, for which I am sure a large number of people have been waiting, even though they may have the previous books of stirring verse—*Galloping Shoes*, *Scattered Scarlet*, *Over the Grass*, and *A Handful of Leather*. This present book, in addition to embracing all that appeared in the four just mentioned, includes a number of new verses which add to the value and are as vivid and inspiring as the very best that Will Ogilvie has ever written. I think anyone ought to be pleased to be told that his latest vintage is as good as any of the old, especially when, as in this case, someone is not just being polite, but is speaking the truth.

Will Ogilvie has been told so often that Adam Lindsay Gordon's mantle fits him as if it were made for him that I expect he is getting tired of hearing it; but, like Lindsay Gordon and Whyte Melville, he is something more than a hunting and a sporting poet. There is that same quality in his work which raised that of both Lindsay Gordon and Whyte Melville a long way above the jingle and the rut in which hunting verse only too often lies. Did not Lindsay Gordon write *Quare Fatigasti*, *Potter's Clay*, and *The Sick Stock-rider*, little classics for all time,

most charming pictures the poet has ever drawn for us—

Wide is the rippling riverspread  
(Up and over and on and away),  
Somewhere the pack is running ahead  
Into the woodland strips of Day.



Arian Fraser

## JULIAN AND ROSEMARY

The son and daughter of Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Lady Salmond, embark on a boating expedition during a recent visit to their grandparents, Lord and Lady Desborough. Julian is six, and his sister two years younger

and did not Whyte Melville write *Good-Bye, The True Cross*, and much other verse which had nothing to do with fox-hunting? And has not Will Ogilvie given us *The Remount Team* and *Wind of the Night*, to pick only two at random, the latter, in my poor opinion, one of the



Howard Barrett

## WINNER OF THE GRAND SEFTON STEEPLECHASE

Mr. H. Lloyd-Thomas, on his mare "Destiny Bay," being led in after his fine victory at Liverpool. "Destiny Bay," who is trained by Ivor Anthony, won the Hunters' Grand National last year at Cheltenham. Her owner, the Prince of Wales's Assistant Private Secretary, was Master of the Oxford University Drag in pre-war days

For'ard on to the morning light,  
Luck to your hunting, wind of the night!

There is a quality and distinction in this which even those who believe that all that hunting poets can write about is a view-holla and forty minutes on the grass must recognise. Admittedly a good deal of hunting verse is the veriest doggerel, but Will Ogilvie and those other poets who used also to be able to find their way across a stiffly enclosed country are scarcely in that category.

Mr. Jorrocks's figure is, as one knows, the one which is fitted to most fox-hunters; but it is a regrettable thing that this should be so, for perhaps those who are often closest to Nature hear her soft voice more plainly than many.

No mere port-swilling fox-hunter could write—

Silence wraps the leafless trees,  
Not a brushwood branch is stirred;  
Sleeping lies the morning breeze,  
Hidden is the listless bird.

or—

The feet of the year are flying  
Where the lost years' feet have fled,  
We have stood where the leaves are dying,  
We have walked where the flowers are dead:

Delicate little pictures painted by a master-hand.

Will Ogilvie's book is a collection of fifty years of its author's labour, and it is one which I am indeed glad to possess.

Another friend of mine (and of Will Ogilvie's), Tommy Fergusson, who, like W. H. O., has had a good deal of Colonial experience, for he was in New Zealand for years and was Master of a pack of harriers, is getting well forward with a book which I am sure is going to interest a vast number of people, especially anyone who hunts with any hounds

(Continued on page viii)



Ostevenson

## SIR HENRY BETTERTON HAS A WORD WITH GEORGE BARKER

The Minister of Labour and the Quorn Huntsman. Leicestershire's "stand still" order, due to foot-and-mouth, is bad luck indeed after such a promising start to the season, but it is only a part of the county which is affected. George Barker, who succeeded the famous Walter Wilson, has entirely justified his appointment

# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## NOVEMBER, 1932

21st to 30th inclusive

- |      |  |  |   |
|------|--|--|---|
| 21st | <b>Racing.</b> Warwick Meeting.  | <b>Rugby.</b> Lancashire v. Durham, Manchester.  |   |
| 22nd | <b>Racing.</b> Warwick Meeting.  | <b>Cheshire v. Yorkshire,</b>  |   |
|      | <b>Shows.</b> Whitchurch Dairy Show, Salop.  | <b>Birkenhead, Upper Clapton v. Brighton, Bush Hill Park.</b>  |   |
| 23rd | <b>Racing.</b> Warwick Meeting.  | <b>Harlequins v. Blackheath, Twickenham.</b>   |   |
|      | <b>Shows.</b> Whitchurch Dairy, Salop. Flower Show, Royal Horticultural Hall.  | <b>Hockey.</b> Wimbledon v. Beckenham, Wimbledon.  |   |
|      | <b>Stoke-on-Trent Fat Stock.</b>   | <b>Richmond v. Blackheath, Richmond.</b>   |   |
|      | <b>Hockey.</b> Berkshire v. Hampshire. Sussex v. Surrey. Kent v. Oxford.   | <b>Motor Cycling.</b> Lancashire Grand National.   |   |
|      | <b>Badminton.</b> London Championships, Logan Club.  | <b>Assoc. Football.</b> Competition Proper 1st Round F.A. Cup. Qualifying Competition Final Ties, Scottish F.A. Cup. |   |
| 24th | <b>Racing.</b> Manchester Meeting.   | <b>Swimming.</b> A.D.A. Junior Championships, Marshall Street Baths, London.   |   |
|      | <b>Shows.</b> Sutton and District Canine Show, Crystal Palace. Cage Bird Exhibition, Norwich. American Society in London's Banquet and Ball. | 28th   | <b>Racing.</b> Birmingham Steeplechases.                              |
|      | <b>Boxing.</b> Times B.C., Stadium Club.   |  | <b>Shows.</b> Birmingham Cattle Show.                                 |
|      | <b>Golf.</b> American Golfing Society in London.   |  | <b>Billiards.</b> Davis v. Newman, Thurston's                         |
| 25th | <b>Racing.</b> Manchester Meeting. Hurst Park Steeplechases.   | 29th   | <b>Racing.</b> Birmingham Steeplechases.                              |
|      | <b>Shows.</b> Cage Bird Exhibition, Norwich.   |  | <b>Shows.</b> Birmingham Cattle Show. Tonbridge Fat Stock, Tonbridge. |
|      | <b>Badminton.</b> London Championships, Logan Club.  | 30th   | <b>ST. ANDREW'S DAY.</b>  |
| 26th | <b>Racing.</b> Manchester Meeting (November Handicap). Hurst Park Steeplechases.   |  | <b>Racing.</b> Kempton Park Steeplechases.                            |
|      | <b>Shows.</b> Birmingham Cattle Show, Birmingham.  |  | <b>Shows.</b> Birmingham Cattle Show.                                 |
|      |  |  | <b>Boxing.</b> W. Division Metropolitan Police, Balham Baths.         |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

# AIR EDDIES ✱ By OLIVER STEWART

## Air Disarmament.

**M**ANY politicians and publicists may be described as being fitted with horizontally-opposed minds. On aerial disarmament they express two views which balance each other in all respects. The first view is advanced when money is required for the Air Force or for civil flying. It is then said that the air weapon is a negligible weapon; that to wage war successfully the infantry, the artillery, the tanks, or the Navy are the essential instruments, and that the air weapon has been overrated and may safely be disregarded. This view is unequivocal, and holds that, in war, flying is an in-essential luxury. When, on the other hand, aerial disarmament is the subject, the same people state with equal emphasis that the air weapon is the most deadly, the most dangerous, and the most decisive weapon ever devised by man.

By expressing these two opposed views the people concerned sacrifice any right they might otherwise have had of being listened to as sane and serious controversialists. But, although their contributions to world armament or to world disarmament may alike be nugatory, there is one thing about their methods that must be mentioned. They appeal not to reason, but to the emotions; they attack, so to speak, the basal ganglia in lieu of the cortex. Mr. Baldwin, when speaking in the House the other day, talked of the bombing of women and children. It would seem from his remarks that the Air Force did nothing else but bomb women and children. The times when it has saved women and children from a worse fate than being bombed were not referred to, because the aim in this particular instance was to stir up passion and to produce in the audience fear and hatred of flying. This anti-aeronautical bias was deemed by Mr. Baldwin to be desirable, and, in producing it, he elected to use the method of novelists and film-stars, a sort of side-tracked sex-appeal. Therefore, the bombing of women and children was the leit-motif of the speech.

No statistics were advanced of the numbers of women and children killed or hurt in the war of 1914 or any other war by aerial bombing; no figures of the numbers of women and children saved by the substitution of aerial for the older kinds of punitive action in turbulent parts of the

Empire. The impression was successfully created that all the aerial bombs that are made, and all the military aircraft, are expressly designed for the killing and injuring of women and children. It is not to be entirely forgotten that places such as Paris and Dunkirk were bombarded not only from the air, but also by long-range guns; but I have not seen a special hate directed at the artillery. Moreover, when a woman stands at a lathe turning out shells to kill men, she is taking part in the killing as effectively as if she were pulling a trigger or pressing a bomb release. Her status as a non-combatant may therefore be questioned.

## The Constructive Way.

**A**erial disarmament is possible, and is desired by the Air Force as much as by manufacturers and others connected with flying; but the way is not made easier by sentimental cant. All inventions have their good and bad sides; it remains to make use of the good side and to suppress the bad, and the process must be simultaneous. In flying the emphasis must be transferred from the military to the civil branch by a gradual process which shall allow for continued development of aircraft and aero-engines, and which shall avoid throwing large numbers of people out of work. It can be done, and, for my own satisfaction, I worked out many months ago a rough plan for doing it. The subject is too large for treatment here; but it is to be hoped that there is someone in aviation who will propose a constructive and positive method



JIM AND AMY!

A picture right in the spot-light of a remarkable husband and an equally remarkable wife. Amy Johnson flew solo to Australia. Jim Mollison flew solo over the Atlantic east to west; and now Amy is out to break her husband's solo record from Croydon to Cape Town, and good luck go to her! Her only luggage was a hand-bag, a toilet set and a few sandwiches. Stout fella!

of aerial disarmament, with a corresponding and collateral extension of commercial aviation. Certainly no one in aviation wants to see aircraft used for war; what they do want to see is a great increase in commercial and amateur flying, with freedom of international intercourse, and the suppression, by that means, of the misunderstandings and national prejudices which are the fundamental cause of war. If commercial aviation were given the freedom of the air, a bigger step would have been made towards peace than can ever be secured by restrictions on armaments. A really free and flourishing commercial aviation would soon eat up the military aviation.

## Flying Training.

**F**or those who can get the time during the hours of daylight, the winter is in many ways a better season for learning to fly than the summer; and I am told by many of

(Continued on page vi)

Tighten ties of friendship  
this Christmas with

# Duboil

## SCARVES

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11-12 OLD CAVENDISH ST., W.1. If you have any difficulty in obtaining  
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**Now**—if you've never thought of giving Duboil scarves before—is an excellent time to begin that pretty custom. Scarves are now much smiled upon by fashion. And, fashion or no fashion, Duboil scarves are always a notable proof of your own good taste and a charming compliment to your friend's.

¶ *Don't imagine that ANY English woven silk scarf can be washed and boiled hundreds of times and still stay crisp and bright as though it were Duboil. **6/11** and upwards according to size.*



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EVERYBODY'S

Favourite . . . .

"BLACK & WHITE"

# Paper Wraps Stone

By HAL PINK

(A "Helen Waldron" Story)



"It means that our—friend—  
will be, unfortunately, obliged  
to leave us!"

TO individualists there is nothing more annoying than to find that someone else has developed a theory or originated a plan which they thought exclusively their own.

The charming Helen Waldron was an individualist; she was also annoyed. The cause of her annoyance sat a little farther down the dinner table; his name was Peter Lowe, and Lady Wilmot-Wilmot had invited him because—as she said to her friends—"he was so *interesting*, my dear, and gave such a *marvellous* talk to our Women's Service Guild on his travels in the Far East. Positively *fascinating*, my dear. Terribly romantic!"

In truth—with his shaggy mane of hair, his handsome sun-tanned face, his masterful way of capturing the conversation, and his fund of queer stories—Mr. Peter Lowe was, indeed, a virile and striking personality. He was the true cosmopolitan, and spoke in the same breath of Piccadilly and the Fiji Isles; his personal reminiscences veered from cattle-ranching in Arizona to whale-catching in South Georgia, from pearl-diving in the Solomons to bandit raids in Burma. But the last time Miss Helen Waldron had seen him was in the office of the Prefect of Police, Paris, in charge of two detectives who swore by everything they held most dear that they had caught him in the very act of burgling the safe at the Hôtel Fontainebleau. What Miss Waldron was doing in the prefect's office does not concern this story.

She knew why he was here. And he knew that she knew. They were both after the famous Wilmot necklace, that admirably graded, beautifully mounted, superb collection of diamonds, with the curiously-wrought clasp in the form of two interlinked Chinese dragons, which their hostess was at this very moment wearing.

A certain gentleman, cherubic of countenance and bland of manner—A. J. Smith by name—had intimated to Miss Waldron that a client of his in Rotterdam was *extremely* interested in the Wilmot necklace, so interested that the leaves of his cheque-book quivered with anticipation. She had no intention of allowing Mr. Peter Lowe or anyone else to forestall her after her months of careful work to gain the *entrée* to the Wilmot-Wilmot household.

A small but distinguished company sat round the dining table; the older ladies, Lady Wilmot-Wilmot included, were grateful for the shaded table lamps, whose rosy glow was kind to their ageing faces. They had reached the coffee stage, when that returned traveller, Mr. Peter Lowe, brought the conversation round to gambling.

"Man was born to gamble as the sparks fly upwards," he boomed to an attentive audience. "The passion to gamble is age-old. It has existed since the dim days when the world was born. In the heart of even the most stay-at-home people there lurks the spirit of adventure, the urge to put everything to the hazard. The scientist who risked death to discover X-rays was just as much a gambler as the man who buys a ticket in the Irish Hospital Sweepstake. Colonel Fawcett, who gallantly plunged into the green hell of the Matto Grosso in an attempt to discover the lost Seven Cities of Cibola, was obeying the same instinct as the millions who had a little bet upon the Derby this year."

They listened, enthralled.

"If he has money, wealth, possessions, man cannot help but gamble with them. And even if he has nothing, he will still gamble, as I can prove. Some time ago in Shanghai I was watching some captured Chinese bandits. They had been sentenced to death, and were awaiting execution. Cold, starved, and doomed, without money or hope, with nothing left to live for, they still found a way to gamble. They were playing a game called 'Stone—Scissors—Paper.' I wonder, do you know it —?"

A chorus of "No's."

"It is played like this. Each man, at a word of command, holds out one hand making a sign of 'Stone,' 'Scissors,' or 'Paper.' A clenched fist represents 'Stone.' Two fingers extended like the blades of a cutting instrument represent 'Scissors.' All fingers extended and the hand held vertically represent a flat sheet of paper. Try it."

Thoroughly amused, everybody experimented with the hand signs. Peter Lowe watched them with an indulgent smile.

"Now, this is the game. You all decide secretly which sign you will make. I shall give the word, at which you will extend your hand, making the sign. One sign can beat another, in this way: 'Scissors' can cut 'Paper,' but 'Stone' can blunt 'Scissors,' while 'Paper' can wrap up 'Stone.' Got it?"

They said they had.

"We'll start from Lady Wilmot-Wilmot," said Lowe, "and go round the table until we find the sign that cannot be beaten, which will win the game. Ready? Go!"

Every hand shot out, including his own. Lady Wilmot-Wilmot clenched her fist—"Stone."

Helen Waldron, seated next to her hostess, extended her fingers. "Look," she laughed, "Paper wraps stone!"

(Continued overleaf)

## Paper Wraps Stone

(continued from p. 341)

"One moment," said Lowe, breaking into the murmur of mirth, "Sir Standish Marsden, next to you, makes the sign of scissors—scissors cut paper!"

Sir Standish Marsden, sixty years of age and choleric from Indian suns, chuckled delightedly. Then—

"And here you see that I"—Peter Lowe grinned—"have made the sign of stone. Stone blunts scissors! And as my neighbour, Mrs. Winstanley, has made the same sign, the game stops here and I win!"

"Isn't it fascinating?" whispered Lady Wilmot-Wilmot to Miss Waldron. But Lowe was speaking again.

"That is the game these poor wretched Chinamen were playing. And talking of China, when I was over there, I heard many stories of Lady Wilmot-Wilmot's necklace—"

Every eye turned to glance at the famous diamonds.

"I understand that before they came into the possession of Lord Wilmot-Wilmot the necklace was owned by a wealthy Chinese mandarin, who caused a jade clasp of curious design to be attached as a fastener. Lady Wilmot-Wilmot," Lowe leaned forward impressively, "I have it on the best authority that the clasp came from the Temple of the Dragon at Tsieng-Shu, and in days past was owned by the Emperor Sun himself!"

Lady Wilmot-Wilmot was thrilled. Here was news indeed! She fingered the clasp lovingly. As a buzz of comment arose from the guests—

"You pick up some interesting facts in your travels, Mr. Lowe," said Sir Standish Marsden to his neighbour. "I have often wished—"

This was the opportunity for which Lowe had been waiting. He raised his voice, addressing Lady Wilmot-Wilmot. "Sir Standish tells me he would very much like to examine the clasp, if your ladyship would not mind. I'm sure all of us would like to. If it is not asking too much—"

And, before Sir Standish could protest that he never said anything of the kind, the diamonds had been unfastened from the ample neck of a beaming Lady Wilmot-Wilmot and were being passed from hand to hand.

Ostensibly calm, Helen Waldron was watching the progress of the necklace with growing excitement. *What was Lowe's plan?*

Then, as the necklace reached the far end of the table, Lord Wilmot-Wilmot addressed a remark to her. The passing round of the diamonds had broken up general conversation into small discussions. Attention was divided.

At last the necklace reposed in Lowe's hands for a few seconds and passed by way of Sir Standish Marsden to Helen. No one was looking at her. She gave the diamonds one lightning glance, turned to speak to Lady Wilmot-Wilmot, and suddenly—as though by magic—the necklace vanished.

"Yes, my dear," Lady Wilmot-Wilmot turned effusively, holding her hand out for the diamonds, "the necklace."

Helen stared at the tablecloth, exclaiming in surprise, "Why, it's gone!"

"Gone!"

"The necklace gone!"

The room was in an uproar. Helen, white-faced, was endeavouring to explain. "I received it from Sir Standish; I put it down in front of me to speak to Lady Wilmot-Wilmot, and when I looked—it had disappeared!"

Came a moment of pregnant silence. Then—

"Perhaps it is a practical joke," suggested someone.

"If that is the case it is very bad taste on the part of a guest," said Lord Wilmot-Wilmot harshly. He rose, frowning. "I ask the joker to return the necklace instantly."

Nothing happened.

Helen Waldron stood up. "Lord Wilmot-Wilmot," she said simply, "the necklace has disappeared. It is only right that a search should be made."

"But this is ridiculous," protested Peter Lowe. "We—"

"Miss Waldron is right," said Lord Wilmot-Wilmot grimly. "A search must be made. Perhaps if the ladies will withdraw to the ante-room the gentlemen—"

Perturbed, angry, anxious, indignant, the guests pushed back their chairs. Suddenly Sir Standish Marsden emitted a gasp of horror.

"Good God!"

He had reached into his jacket pocket for a handkerchief, and drew forth—the necklace!

Sir Standish Marsden—a baronet, a man of wealth and high repute, a Government official!

"I—I cannot explain it at all!" stammered the baronet. "I know nothing of how it came there. Why, it is absurd, unthinkable, that I—I—"

"Enough!" rapped out Lord Wilmot-Wilmot coldly. "I think—"

"One moment, please!"

The clear voice of Helen Waldron rang out sharply.

"I am sorry," she said, smiling sweetly at the assembly, "to have caused Sir Standish such embarrassment. He is not guilty—"

"What does this mean, Helen?" quavered Lady Wilmot-Wilmot.

"It means," said Helen, "that our pseudo-traveller friend, Mr. Peter Lowe, will be unfortunately obliged to leave us. No, don't go yet"—to Lowe, who had calmly moved towards the door. "You see, I happen to have seen through his little plan. His story of the Chinese prisoners, his fascinating game, his anecdote about the jade clasp, were all introduced with one object in view—to induce you to let us handle the necklace. When it reached me, after leaving his hands, I saw at once that the necklace I held was a brilliantly faked copy!"

She laughed—a delicious peal of mirth.

"I saw at once that if a search was made the real necklace would be found. So I hid the necklace that came to me. Lowe did the only thing possible. He slipped the real necklace into the pocket of his neighbour, Sir Standish. The rest you know."

Helen turned to Lowe.

"Stone blunts Scissors," she said, "but Paper wraps Stone! If you want your necklace, you'll find it"—indicating a bowl of loganberries near her plate—"here!"

But Peter Lowe had gone!



Bertram Park

A NEW PORTRAIT: MISS JEAN CRICHTON

Miss Jean Crichton is the only daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton. Her father is one of the three uncles of the Earl of Erne, who is in the Blues and plays polo for his regiment



Bertram Park

THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD

The elder of Lord and Lady Greenwood's two daughters. Before he was raised to the peerage in 1929 Lord Greenwood was Sir Hamar Greenwood, and spent his earlier days in Canada where he was educated. He was called to the English Bar in 1906, and raised and commanded a battalion of the South Wales Borderers in the War

## YARDLEY

## Christmas Gifts

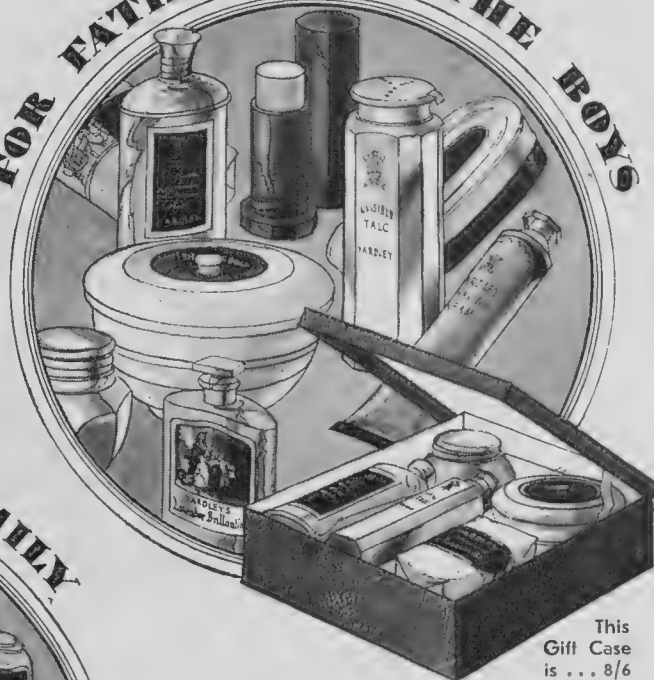
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33 OLD BOND STREET

LONDON

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

## Rally Round.

OWING to geographical conditions the Royal Automobile Club's Rally can hardly make pretension to being the greatest thing of its kind, though it certainly is all that so far as these islands are concerned, but this last spring it was a very fine show indeed and next March it will be all the finer and more important, since common sense has at last prevailed in the award of marks. On the next occasion nothing will be gained by freak performances. The car which, by some mechanical device or another, can be induced to come down, on top, to a speed of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles per week will be merely doing the superfluous, for 5 m.p.h. has been wisely appointed the minimum crawling speed. More than that will involve a penalty, less than that will be simply a matter of academic interest. The acceleration and braking test will be over a flat course of 200 yards. From a standing start cars will accelerate to the half-way line, after which they must stop and then pick up again to the finish, their time being clocked for the whole distance. In the starting-away trial cars will be required to make a standing start on a gradient of approximately 1 in 6 and will lose marks if they fail to cover the first 10 yards in five seconds, or if they roll back more than 4 in., or if they fail to climb the rest of the hill non-stop. All very sensible and workmanlike, and quite the right way by which to find a winner. Another difference between the regulations of this coming year and those of the last event is that now two drivers must be carried on every car, and one of them is compelled to drive at least 300 miles. There are much fewer bonus marks than formerly for the carrying of extra passengers. Competitors are divided into three classes: up to 10 h.p., between 10 h.p. and 16 h.p., and over 16 h.p. Respectively they will have to average over different routes of roughly 1,000 miles apiece, 22 m.p.h., 24 m.p.h., and 26 m.p.h., including all stops. The objective is to be Hastings, where the cars will be locked up in the fine new municipal sub-promenade garage. This is likely to be filled to capacity, for the R.A.C. Rally is open to 900 cars, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that there was an absolutely full field. The starting-off points are nine in number, viz. London, Leamington, Bath, Norwich, Buxton, Harrogate, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Glasgow. I suppose that four "spas" figuring amongst them may be taken as a mild hint that a course of the waters will not be a bad preliminary for a strenuous drive. By the way, the entry fee for non-members is 3 guineas, and for R.A.C. members and associates 2 guineas—a very modest charge for what should be most excellent good fun for those who like the strenuous life.

## Gives Me Pleasure.

One of the latest cars I have had to "try out" (forgive the American preposition, but I suppose I have got to fall into line with other quill-pushers) is the new Morris-Oxford Saloon. Briefly described, it is very wonderful, indeed I will go

further and say, a surprisingly wonderful motor car. It is to be conjectured that when a man has a big family he has some diffidence in attempting to demonstrate the charms and the accomplishments of all its individuals. The last time I saw Sir William Morris he said not a single word about the new "Oxford," which I take to be proof of exceptional modesty; for the plain truth is that if I had been responsible for such an excellent production I should have been quite noisily proud of it—and with justification. Here is a full five-seater, with lashings of room in all directions—barring only that one's clutch foot is somewhat restricted in freedom of movement—a thorough "luxury job" down to the last detail, with a finish both outer and withinsides that will stand the closest inspection, and withal, boasting a more than respectable performance. A genuine mile-a-minute car, if you please, and that against the stopwatch, and with no fortuitous conditions to favour it. All on—and "all" means in this case pretty well every refinement that anyone could think of—the Oxford costs £265. That is

according to the catalogue, but really, when you are on the road with it, you could very well believe that this was a misprint and that the five had got into the wrong place. Most cars, even in these days of semi-perfection, have ill-concealed faults. Except that which I have mentioned, I could in this case find none. *Per contra*, I quickly realized that of its many virtues two were conspicuous. *Item*: As sweet and certain a steering as any driver could hope to handle. And *item*: road stability of the best. I sought out many vile pieces of highway, but could strike none that bothered the Oxford. In every way the 1933 is an improvement on the 1932 model.



AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS

A group at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, last week, in which are Mr. W. M. Clark, the Hon. Mrs. A. Bonham-Carter, and Lord and Lady Grenfell, who were only married last July. She was Miss Betty Shaughnessy, and is a step-daughter of Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh, who is an equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

## Car Insurance.

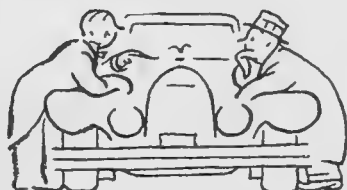
As I ventured to predict some little time ago, the motor insurance mountains have been in labour for several months, have brought forth a mouse, over the birth of which it is not likely that there will be any transports of joy. But, after all, nothing very much bigger could be looked for, for there is no secret about the fact that the tariff companies have been making very little out of their motor departments. Now, however, they are giving concessions in the way of increasing "no claim bonuses" (shouldn't the plural of this be "boni"?), which, in actuality, some of the non-tariff concerns have been offering these many years. Also they are doing somewhat more for the car owner who has to use his vehicle partially for business purposes. Motor-cyclists, and I think rightly so, are to pay more for third party insurance, especially in certain populous districts. This is all to the good, but none the less my humble opinion is that car insurance is upon a fundamentally wrong basis. I am confident that some day soon it will have to be radically revised in principle. "No claim" benefits do not compensate for the absurdity that, primarily, good or bad drivers are lumped together. Life insurance would be a pretty comic business if the same principle were applied.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

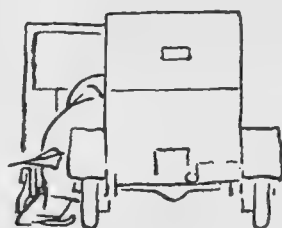
# BUYING A CAR



Why—



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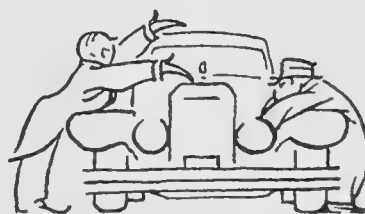
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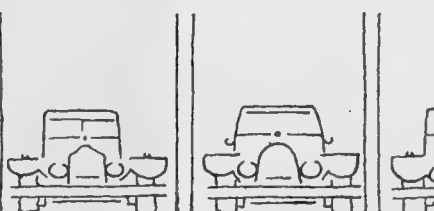
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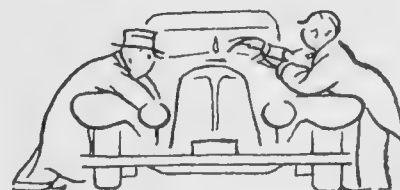
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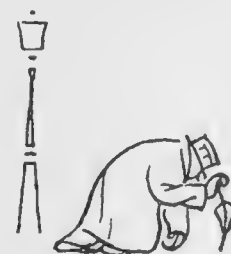
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## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



Dogs do make a difference—even on the golf course. Here are (left) Peter, (centre) Simon, and (right) Snooker, with their respective owners, Miss Gourlay, Miss Marjory Livingstone, and Mrs. Hudson

**D**OGS on golf courses may be vastly annoying; their presence there, their uses and abuses are a matter which must be discussed in a moment. But one thing is certain, there is hardly a golfer who does not love a dog, or for that matter most animals, and so they are certain to be interested in an activity in which Miss Molly Gourlay is concerned. That is the filling of a sportsman's stall at the Christmas Market in aid of the funds of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor which is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on November 29 and 30. There is no need to reiterate what the P.D.S.A. does for animals whose owners are too poor or too ignorant to give them rightful attention when sick or injured. The point is that, much as we all want to help, money is sometimes hard to find, but the appeal which Miss Gourlay is handing to her friends is not exacting. "We shall be most grateful for anything, no matter what—a 'white elephant,' a 'present from Woolworth's,' anything you care to send; but please send us *something* as we shall not feel our stall is complete unless *your* name appears on one of the labels."

If everybody who has ever taken a dog to watch golf would send a gift, then I have a notion that a good start would be made, and they can send either to Miss Gourlay, Queries, Camberley, or to Miss D. St. Hill Bourne, 38, Park Drive, Golders Green, N.W.11. Of course, if they like also to go to the Albert Hall and do some Christmas shopping there it would be equally welcome, and incidentally they are sure to meet any number of golfing friends, without their dogs this time.

Really, though, dogs on golf courses are no laughing matter. Far, far be it from me to suggest that Simon, or Peter, or Jock, or Judy is an unsuitable companion for anybody playing a friendly round. Many a club knows full well that some of its members would stop their subscription and give up those daily rounds which bring a certain amount into the receipts of the catering or the pro's shop if the dog, who must have exercise, could not come too. Dogs, dare one say it, are far more important than golf, and there are a good many moments when they are far more pleasurable and profitable. If an opponent is going to object to a well-behaved dog coming round the course when there is nothing at stake, then he or she is a soulless churl who does not know a good companion when they see it.

But there are moments when nobody would think of taking their own dog with them and when even



Miss Billie Holmes's Richard Cœur de Lion is an extra appealing fellow



Mrs. R. O. Porter goes in for long dogs. Bask is her good companion in this snapshot

spectators should leave their dogs at home unless they can guarantee that under no provocation, such as other dogs on other leads, an inadvertent step on their toe or other just cause, will a growl, a bark, or a squeak escape them. Difficulties there may be about leaving the dog behind. It may be the only way of giving him exercise; the house, in these maidless days, may be left empty; he may have an ineradicable hatred of being left alone in a parked car at the club (though that is merely a matter of training).

With all those difficulties one sympathizes. But if the dog is so important or so spoilt, then his owner must forswear the following of championships or other big golfing gatherings. However well a dog may behave normally, there are moments when bark or yap he will, and if that moment happens to be just when somebody is about to hit a critical shot, there is trouble ahead. Nobody would wittingly put a player off her shot by speaking or moving at a crisis, yet they will cheerfully bring their dogs, trusting to luck that they will not make a nuisance of themselves. There was a dog at Ashdown who did his best to cost Miss Fishwick the Championship; there was another at Worplesdon obviously assisting Miss Regnart to get beaten; another at Brocton Hall Mixed Foursomes. Yet all their owners would, doubtless, have been horrified if you had accused them of spoiling sport.

It is not even as if the majority of dogs enjoyed being dragged on a lead through a crowd in which they run imminent danger of being trodden on. They would be infinitely happier left in the car or at home.

And yet, and yet . . . sometimes the dogs are even nicer than the golfers, particularly if it be a dull match. And so many of the golfers have such delightful dogs of their own. One of our contemporaries is having a series of portraits this winter of the children of famous golfers. We might well start a rival series of the dogs of famous golfers. I am not sure if Miss Enid Wilson has a dog, but there is Miss Fishwick's Anastasia, Miss Gourlay's Peter, Mrs. Porter's Bask, who jumped out of an upstairs window at Saunton in his eagerness to follow his mistress to the course—mercifully without damaging himself, Mrs. Alec Gold's Bella, and a very young recruit in Richard Cœur de Lion, the bulldog pup who saw some of the English Championship from the arms of Miss Billie Holmes.

Yes, and then there were the beloved dogs of Major Hotchkin, and Colonel Eddowes' Brutus, without whom the first tee at Woodhall Spa would lack half its attraction.

It is all very difficult; but one thing is sure, if even these few dogs would persuade their mistresses to send a contribution in their name to that P.D.S.A. Christmas Market, it would be something.

Plans for the English Championship of 1933 were announced last week. It is to open at Westward Ho! on October 2, the County Finals being fixed for September 29 and 30.

The Girls' will be at Stoke Poges September 13–15. According to report, Miss Pauline Doran, the holder for three years in succession, does not intend to defend her title, though she will still be eligible to do so.



*"Me and me pals, we collects cars—just for a bit of fun. I'm Standard and doin' well. Had a real haul to-day, I did. Had to go down to the docks and if I didn't see a line o' Standard cars that beat the band! Bein' shipped, they were, over to foreign parts. Little Twelves and Big Twelves. (How do I know? Sees it written on the back, o' course!) Comin' back I collected another thirty-nine of 'em—I bet my score's a winner again. They're everywhere they are—them Standard cars!"*

THESE are the cars he means — The new "Little Twelve" six-cylinder Saloon £189; The new "Big Twelve" six-cylinder Saloon £215. (Self-change pre-selective gear models with direction indicator from £240); The 1933 "Little Nine" four-cylinder Saloon £159; The 1933 "Big Nine" four-cylinder Saloon £205. (Self-change pre-selective gear models with direction indicator from £230); The 1933 "Sixteen" six-cylinder Saloon £235; The 1933 "Twenty" six-cylinder Saloon £325. Dunlop Tyres. All prices ex works. Investigate the 1933 Standards in your own armchair. Write "Catalogue" on a postcard and send it, with your name and address, to:— The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, London, W.1 and 297-9 Euston Road, London, N.W.1

**KNOWS THE 1933 STANDARDS!**

«

# The HIGHWAY OF FASHION



## WINTER SPORTS

By M. E. BROOKE

Ski-running needs a special outfit which above everything must be practical, therefore Burberrys, in the Haymarket, have contributed those pictured on this page. They are made of proofed

fabrics and are available in a variety of gay colours, with caps to match or strike a telling contrast

Well-fitting boots and skates are of paramount importance in a winter sports outfit. To Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, must be given the credit of the suit above, with its full, albeit slimming, skirt. It can be copied in many materials and colours and is accompanied by other well-cut suits

# A LOVELIER YOU — if your Toilet Preparations are bought at **BOOTS** !

## PURITY SO IMPORTANT. BOOTS TEST FOR PURITY !

Amazing—the number of tests one box of Boots face powder represents ! Every ingredient is tested and re-tested for purity like hospital medicines. What a lot Boots beauty preparations would cost if they were made in small quantities—but tremendous sales mean you can buy them at just ordinary prices !



*A maid's way with a man from the dawn of history has always included the use of a lovely perfume. What more magic way to turn his mood to romance than this faint, exquisite hint of perfume upon the velvet curve of a soft cheek ?*

## Face Powder with enchanting fragrance



*As if they came right out of "Ali Baba"—these huge jars! Here lovely perfume matures. Years were spent in perfecting these maturing jars. At Boots vast cosmetic laboratories in Nottingham, science serves romance!*

## YOU WANT WHAT YOU WANT. BOOTS HAVE IT !

If the toilet preparation you want is to be found in your town at all—Boots have it. No wider selection in sizes, shades, varieties is offered anywhere else. Don't waste energy walking from shop to shop... don't waste time waiting to be served... don't waste patience refusing substitutes... Go to your nearest Boots shop... Boots have it !

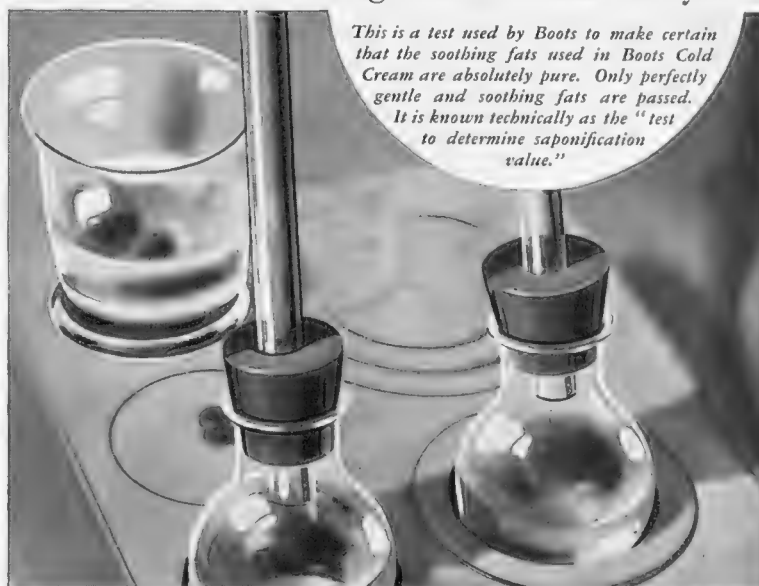
## FRESH COSMETICS BEST. ALWAYS FRESH AT BOOTS !

Stale toilet preparations—which have stood on shelves month after month—cannot be as good as fresh cosmetics. Face powders can lose their delicate fragrance ! Many perfumes deteriorate ! Lipsticks become hard—"go on" unnaturally, break easily ! But at Boots you can always be sure of fresh cosmetics. Quick turnover—enormous sales—mean that Boots shelves are rapidly being refilled with fresh toilet supplies.



*Only a perfectly soothed skin can look its best ! And at just one time of the day you can give skin soothing care—when you smooth in your cold cream ! Boots Cold Cream is anti-septic, soothing—especially pure and gentle.*

## Soothing Cold Cream for you



*This is a test used by Boots to make certain that the soothing fats used in Boots Cold Cream are absolutely pure. Only perfectly gentle and soothing fats are passed. It is known technically as the "test to determine saponification value."*

## TRY THESE SPECIAL LINES TODAY

### Genuine Eau-de-Cologne

Imperial Pint . . . . . 1/9  
Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d. and 10½d.

### Lavender Water

Imperial Pint . . . . . 1/9  
Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d. and 10½d.

*Delightful for the bath ; for washing and 'reshening the face, or as an astringent after shaving ; and sprayed for freshening rooms. Amazingly inexpensive.*

### Boots Cleansing Cold Cream for Massage

Jars . . . . . 6d. and 1/-  
Tubes . . . . . 6d.

### Boots Cleansing Skin Tonic 1/-

### Boots Cleansing Cold Cream Soap 4d.

CHRISTMAS only 4 weeks away  
GREATER VALUE AT LESS  
COST IN GIFTS AT BOOTS

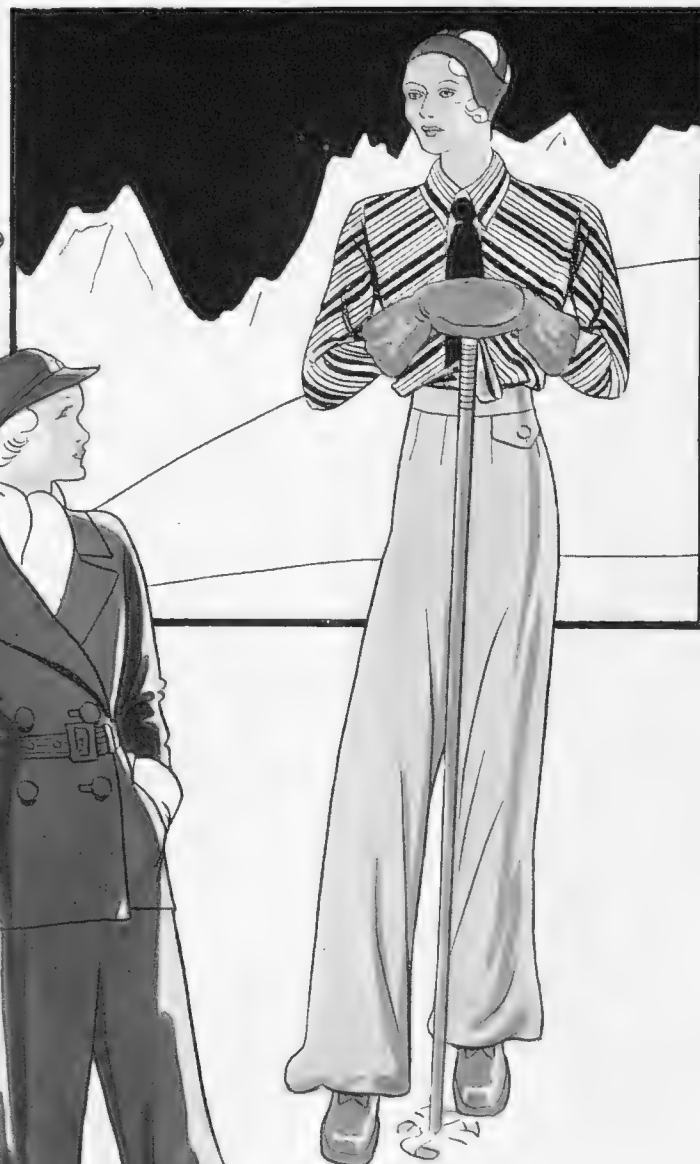
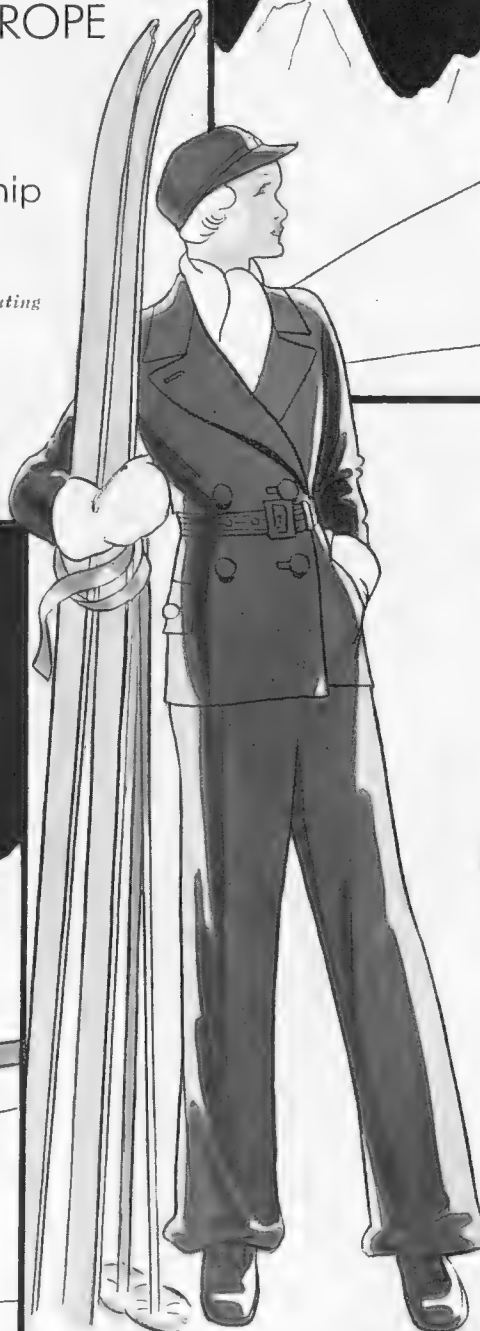
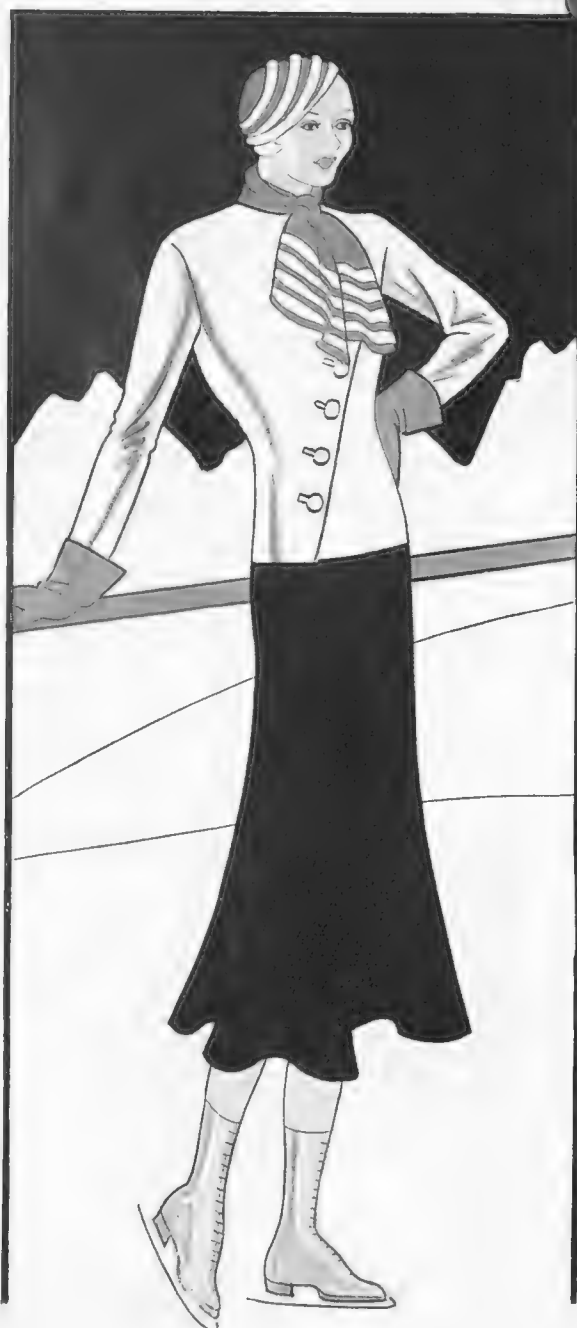
**The Boots Chemists**

TOILET SPECIALISTS

# PRACTICAL FASHIONS FOR THE PLAYGROUNDS OF EUROPE

"Ski-ing is a Training in Citizenship  
Through Snowcraft"

—An adaptation of the definition of scouting



Perfectly practical, and practically perfect, is the ski-ing outfit above. It owes its origin to that well-known firm of sports outfitters, Lillywhite's, in Piccadilly Circus. The man-tailored trousers, which are perfectly fashioned, are of proofed grey flannel with zyp pockets on the hips. The shirt is of striped flannel, and the scheme might be completed with a coat to strike a contrast or match the trousers

Women ski-runners have decided that trousers are the most practical form of nether garments. Therefore Marshall and Snelgrove's of Birmingham have contributed the navy-blue outfit on the left. It is made of a proofed fabric that is perfectly ventilated, but is absolutely wind and snow proof

As the rinks attract many women, Richard Sands of Sloane Street have designed and carried out this skating outfit. The skirt is of a proofed wool fabric, the short coat of white suède, the connecting links in the colour scheme being the cheerful sports scarf and cap

# HARVEY NICHOLS

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

(ON LEFT)

A very lovely Nightdress of flowered crêpe-ae-Chine, bias cut, and made entirely by hand. Over it goes a velvet Coatee with the daintiest georgette frills. In ivory and many delicate shades.

Nightdress 39/6 Coatee 45/9

(CENTRE)

Finest ring velvet and écreu lace are combined in this exquisite Cami-knicker. Its backless brassière top is held in place by elastic. Ivory, black, and soft shades of peach, parchment and shell 45/9

In satin beauté and lace - 39/6

(ON RIGHT)

This charming Nightdress is in washing satin beauté—ivory, pink, sky, peach, and green—or in flowered silk crêpe-ae-Chine. The Dressing-gown of finely coraed velveteen is trimmed with ostrich feathers. Cherry, turquoise, old gold, flame, green, and royal blue.

Nightdress - - 20/-

Dressing-gown - - 49/6



*for presents both pretty and practical . . . gifts for the dashing and the demure . . . make your way, list in hand, through the gay Departments of Harvey Nichols. You'll see new and fascinating things enough to solve your Christmas Present problem triumphantly in one pleasant afternoon.*

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## Fashions for Winter Sports.

Doubtless there will be far more visitors to the fashionable winter sports resorts than last year, as there is something about this form of exercise that directly appeals to men and women. Lillywhite's, Piccadilly, W., in the introduction to their brochure, give very valuable information regarding the choice and care of winter sports kit; ski-suits are generally made of gabardine, a material to which snow will not stick and through which wind will not drive. The modern suit consists of coat and trousers, black or navy being the most popular. This firm is also responsible for an outfit in which the trousers are of proofed grey flannel with zip pockets on hips. Several pages of this interesting booklet are devoted to the needs of the skating enthusiast.

## "En Route."

So warm and comfortable are the trains that convey the traveller to the lands of ice and snow that for a greater part of the journey wrap coats need not be worn; nevertheless, they must not be altogether banished. On this page is seen the ideal travelling dress (of course, it may appropriately be worn on a variety of other occasions). It has made its debut under the chaperonage of Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street. The pinafore dress is made of one of those new Angora fabrics that do not easily become crushed; it wraps well over, therefore when seated one side may be turned back, and when standing there is no bagginess at the knees. The jumper is of flamisol, the colour scheme is beige and brown, but, of course, this could be varied; black and off white are most attractive; the suède-finished cloth cap matches the dress, and is caught with a chromium-plated ornament.

## Wrap Coats.

Madame Barri is likewise responsible for the coat that is carried; it is of moleskin, trimmed with silver fox. There is a splendid assortment too of coats in the new wool fabrics, some enriched with fur and some innocent of it. It is no exaggeration to state that the material is worked in the same clever way as the furrier works his skins, and the result is a perfect fit, hence a slimming effect.

## Stockings that are Different.

Even in this enlightened age there are many women who regard a stocking as a stocking and nothing more; it may be better if it be made of silk. They overlook the fact that a well-shaped and well "cut,"

or perhaps it would be more correct to say woven, stocking has a slenderizing effect and, what is still more important, supports the muscles and prevents superfluous flesh from spreading. Now this is the work that the Kira English silk chiffon stockings perform; they have a French heel, reinforced feet, and clox. Among their other advantages is that the silk is dyed before it is woven, and although endowed with unique wearing qualities they are of

Nicholson, and Hall), and transported here where, for over a year, workers have been trained to produce perfect stockings of this ultra-fine grade. They are made at Leek in Staffordshire and sold practically everywhere.

## Ageing Figures Made Young.

Women all the world over, directly their figures begin to show signs of advancing years, consider the subject of making them young again, and immediately their thoughts turn to Charmazon "Vellastic" garments; they are made of silk-woven rubber, which stretches in accordance with the natural movements of the figure; nevertheless, "spreading" is impossible. The wearer can stand, stoop, or sit with ease, and the more she bends the better they fit. It has been said of them they are like a second skin, but a skin endowed with a purpose. It is known by the name of "Vellastic," and is shaped with consummate skill to harmonize rebellious curves and blend them with the flowing slenderness every woman desires. Indeed, they are a youth-i-fying skin which makes ageing figures young again; they are made in Britain. There are contourettes, step-in belts, brassières, etc. It is very important that Charmazon specialities should in the first instance be fitted by an expert in order that the correct garment be selected. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Charmazon, 136, London Wall, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

## A Reminder.

And, of course, all women must be sure to have their beauty boxes replenished at Elizabeth Arden's, 25, Old Bond Street. It must be remembered that the changes of temperature are trying to the skin, and as a consequence it needs special treatments and preparations. The eye lotion must be included, as this will counteract the troubles arising from the glare of the sun on the snow-capped mountains.

## The Swiss Federal Railways.

The backgrounds seen on this and the previous page will doubtless be recognized by our readers, as they have been taken from the posters of the Swiss Federal Railways; they are exercising a decidedly magnetic influence on all who see them at our great railway stations and elsewhere.



Model, Madame Barri

## A FASHIONABLE TRAVELLING DRESS

That is provided with practical gadgets, which are of great importance when seated for several hours. The pinafore dress is of an Angora fabric, the jumper of flamisol, and the turban of suède-finished cloth. At Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W.

gossamer-like fineness, being real 44 French gauge. They are available in a variety of good shades to blend with all the newest colours and each individual pair is meticulously examined before it is sold. It is of interest, too, that the entire equipment of the French factory, which hitherto made these stockings, has been purchased by a British firm (Brough,



"I always wear



"But what about 396? Same price, 8/11d. They're dull-weave, so I'd like to try them. If they look as lovely as 320, and if they wear as well" . . . (nothing could possibly wear better) . . . "But, of course they're bound to be all right, they're Aristoc! So here goes for 396. But I should like some more 320 . . . Ah, well, another time!"

**YOU'VE A WIDE CHOICE AT 8/11.**

**No. 320**—plain, lisle top and foot. **No. 350**—plain—all silk. **No. 396**—lace clox, all silk, dull finish. **No. 400**—lace clox, all silk, square heel. **No. 1266**—embroidered clox, lisle top and foot. Except **No. 400** all these have the Aristoc 'Gradex' heel, which is cuban shape.

**PURE SILK  
STOCKINGS**

**4/11 TO 12/6**

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS IS ENGLISH MADE

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 310*

## From the York and Ainsty

After starting the regular season with several capital days, we can't complain at a rather less enjoyable second week, due to mist, drizzle, and bad scent. The South pack met at Skelton on Saturday, 12th, where Nancy and John made us all welcome, and we were pleased to see several of the 3rd Hussars out, though the regiment itself hasn't yet arrived in England. Mr. Tew had two foxes for us at Moorlands, and one might have given us a gallop if it had not got to ground near Plainville; after which we chopped one in Rawcliffe and had another hunt from the Low Carr. Our Major-General took a nasty fall on the flat and couldn't get clear of his horse. We are relieved to hear he is not much the worse. The North pack had a peculiar day from Flawith on Monday, as hounds divided, and some ran, unattended, right away to Wilstrop in the Bramham country—a wonderful run if anyone had been with them. Next day the South met at Lorrenger Lane—or is it Losenger? I used to be taught the latter in my infancy, but I'm now told the former is correct. Anyhow, neither of them is shown on the map, so any newcomers to the country will search for it in vain.

## From the Fernie

The opening meet, an eventful day for all lovers of fox-hunting, has seldom been favoured with more delightful weather. The sun shone on Gumley Hall and gave the gay picture every possible chance. The anxious moments at the crowded corner vanished as the pack moved off amongst the admiring crowd. The test of new boots and breeches plus horse kept a few on tenterhooks until we were fairly under way. A view holla from Gumley Gorse set the ball a-rolling, then a dive down the steep ride and we were with 'em again. The gallop to Mowesley took due toll of the field, and several mud-plastered figures appeared at the first check. The riderless horse told a tale of whoa! but the young Diana was unhurt. Eton Boys on long leave had the time of their lives. Brown Jack's owner came over a yawner on a good performer, which enticed others to follow with only partial success. The run of the day happened from John Ball, the pack running well to Arnesby and killing their fox near Bruntingthorpe. The spectre of foot-and-mouth is stalking the land again. The Evington meet on Thursday was cancelled at the eleventh hour. Horse boxes and strings of hunters waited in vain, it being hard to realize that the scourge had broken out so soon.

*Some reports have had to be held over this week owing to the great pressure on our space.* [Hunting Editor, THE TATLER.]

Air Eddies—*continued from p. 338*

the leading schools that this year people are beginning to realize this. Pupils are still coming forward at a rate which is unusual for the time of year, and which shows that the strictly seasonal conception of flying training is on the wane. At Air Service Training, Ltd., at Hamble, the variety of the training offered and the number of pupils have made it necessary to start certain courses at specified dates. Thus the three or four years' course for pupils who are taking up aviation as a profession starts on February 6 and September 18. The course for the "B" pilot's licence starts on February 6 and on every sixth week thereafter. The course for the 2nd class navigator's certificate starts on November 21 and June 26 to enable candidates to sit for the Air Ministry examination at the end of March and October. The ground engineer's course starts on February 6 and September 18, while the wireless course starts on February 6, and again at intervals of every four and a half months. A short wireless course for qualified wireless air operators who have not had experience on the Marconi AD 6M set begins on the first Monday of every month.

Mr. W. D. Campbell, an American, and Mr. E. H. Wheelwright, have qualified for their "A" pilot's licences at Hamble. Major W. H. Vetch, the chief instructor of the Bombay Flying Club, has completed his instructor's course and obtained an A.S.T. A2 certificate. Mr. L. C. Lee Murray has completed his blind flying course and Mr. L. M. Williams his "B" licence tests.

From the Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club comes the news that the Bristol-Cardiff air ferry is still working two services in each direction daily and that they are being well supported, the machines running to an average of 60 per cent. capacity while on some days additional aircraft have to be put on to cope with extra passengers. The Bristol and Wessex Club is making a point of the advantages of taking flying instruction in the winter.

Captain Ferguson at Heston has moved into his new quarters where all the necessary equipment for the School of Navigation is installed. Mr. Allan Muntz has left Heston again for Heliopolis, where he is spending some weeks in collaboration with Misr-Airwork, the associated company of Airwork, Ltd. At Heston the school is already beginning to feel the stimulating effect of the drop in price for dual instruction to £3 3s. per flying hour and Captain Baker has been kept busy.

At the London Aeroplane Club the reverberations of Major Travers' lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society are still noticeable. The pusher-tractor controversy seems to have been revived in a peculiarly acute form.

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## Quiet Rhythm

Stereotyped platinum blondes, mass-produced cars, film stories from the same moulds, ready-made suits. This is the age of mass-production, brought to a fine craft.

"Oh, per-lease; you can't say that about the pictures made by Victor Savile or Rene Clair, or by that adorable man, Korda!"

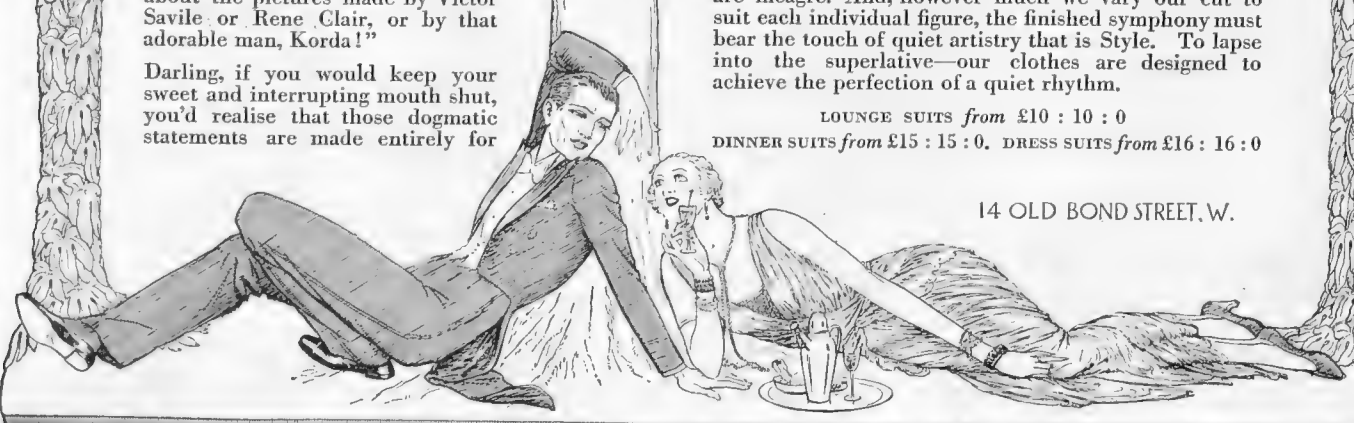
Darling, if you would keep your sweet and interrupting mouth shut, you'd realise that those dogmatic statements are made entirely for

the benefit of emphasizing the exceptions. Like the car that is an architectural symphony of coach-built individuality. Or the stirring allure of a blonde who comes by her platinum and her eyelashes naturally, and whose mind and personality are as attractive as her physical features.

Or—can you guess?—the subtle individuality of a suit cut by artists, hand sewn by West End "log" craftsmen. An art which is more than a craft; because the type of customer we handle does not want to appear conspicuous in any way. If he is stout, we must eliminate his girth; to the short we add a few inches of height, or an expanse of chest to the man whose proportions are meagre. And, however much we vary our cut to suit each individual figure, the finished symphony must bear the touch of quiet artistry that is Style. To lapse into the superlative—our clothes are designed to achieve the perfection of a quiet rhythm.

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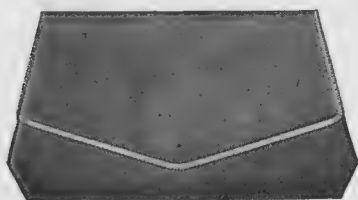
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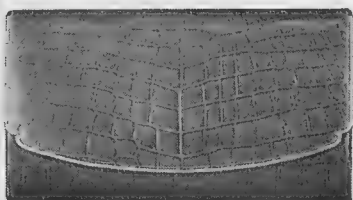


# Handbags

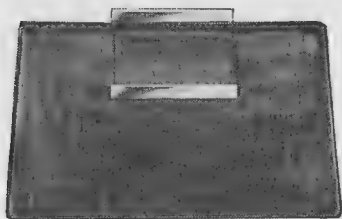
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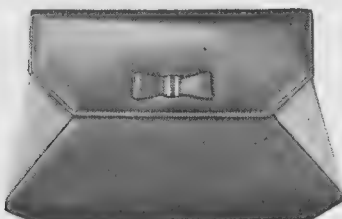
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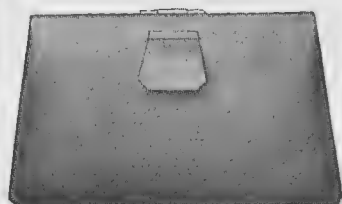
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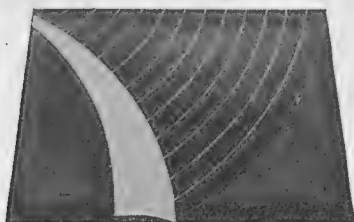
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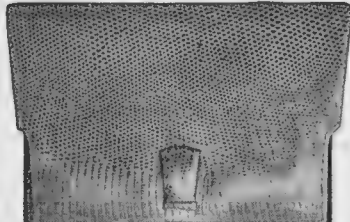
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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 336

in the Border. "Border Sport and Sportsmen" is being published serially at the moment by "The Hexham Courant," and I read the weekly extracts with the greatest of interest even though my own experience of that fascinating and enchanted region is limited and I have only hunted with two of the many packs, the Buccleuch and the Lauderdale, whose country was at one time part and parcel of the Buccleuch. But Tommy Fergusson, like Will Ogilvie, has lived there for years, and both are saturated with the history and tradition of the Border from the days of Arthur's northern campaign in the Vale of Woe—Wedale—and his northward sweep to the victory of Agned Cathregonion (Edinburgh), onwards through the times of Michael the Magician (Michael Scott), Thomas the Rhymer and the Faerie Queene, who still holds him a willing prisoner in the Eildons, and Auld Wat of Harden to the most recent times. "This is why both these good sportsmen can paint us the pictures which they do. There's inspiration enough to fire even the supposedly quite emotionless Sassenach!"

Another Borderer, one Walter Scott by the way, brings Thomas the Rhymer to life in "Castle Dangerous," the plot of which is laid in the twelfth century. Thomas of Ercecloun, better known as "Thomas the

Rhymer," real name Thomas Learmont, did not burst upon the world as a poet and a magician till the thirteenth century, a hundred years later! However, Scott has nodded in good company, but he must be convicted of an anachronism nevertheless. The Buccleuch ran clean over the Eildons one day when I had the luck to be with them, so I take rather a personal interest in the Faerie Queene's border seat. When the world is in a really bad pickle she is going to let Thomas the Rhymer out to put things straight. Seems to me she might let him out for a week-end almost at once!



LORD DUNSANY AT OXFORD

A group taken when Lord Dunsany, the famous author and playwright, addressed the Oxford University English Club at the Randolph Hotel last week. In the group, left to right, are: Mr. Edward Scott-Snell, Lord Dunsany, Mr. Richard Rumbold, Mr. Wyndham Lloyd, and Mr. Headley Hope-Nicholson. The picture was taken outside Mr. Rumbold's rooms

My old friend Major C. Van der Byl, who is the founder of the Fur Crusade and Anti-trapping League, writes to me and asks me to publish his letter, saying:

Antelope, which has hitherto been considered a humane fur, has now had to be removed from the Fur Crusade White List of furs humanely killed. I have received a report from a reliable source in South Africa saying that the natives there are catching buck both in wire nooses and in steel traps, and that the plight of these animals so caught is desperate in the extreme. I have informed the R.S.P.C.A. and also that powerful body the Anti-Steel-Trap League of America, with whom I am working, of this fact, and I earnestly hope that antelope skins will be avoided in future.

Major Van der Byl's address is Wappenham House, Towcester, Northants. He has done splendid work, and he is carrying on under by no means the easiest conditions, as all this costs money, and he is working practically single-handed.

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'Funny how some people radiate congeniality even through a brick wall.  
'Funny how some gin mixes well with some things and not with others. Holloway's produce a gin for cocktails, long drinks and delightful drinks of many kinds that need this kindred 'spirit' congenial to each. Just smile at that 'overdraft' with the help of Holloway's London Dry . . . double distilled and crystal clear.  
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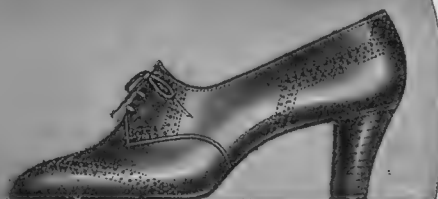
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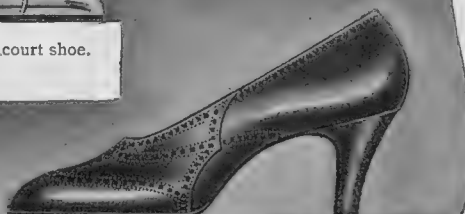
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C.4728. Brown willow calf low Oxford, leather heel. Also in Black. **42/=**



**25/=** J.5808. Silver kid fancy court shoe. Also in gold kid.

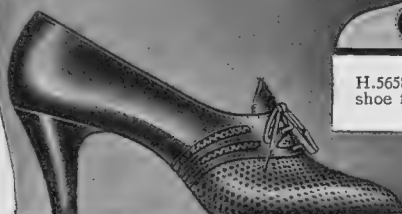


E.4739. Brown willow calf brogue court shoe, LXV heel. **35/=**

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WINTER FASHION DISPLAY



H.5658. White crêpe de chine sandal shoe for dyeing. **21/=**



**58/6** C.4882. Brown lizard and calf tie shoe. Also bottle green or black.



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## MISS FAY COMPTON,

the talented and beautiful young actress  
now appearing in "Once a Husband"  
at the Haymarket Theatre, writes:—

"AN actress's life is not only walking on  
to the stage in the most attractive  
frocks and attractive surroundings.  
What the public does not think of is weeks  
of strenuous and nerve-racking rehearsals,  
often followed up by a part in the preliminary  
touring company, necessitating journeys from  
town to town throughout the entire country. In  
fact, one has always to be in perfect health,  
which I luckily am, thanks in no small way to  
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*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you  
will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance.  
It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will  
look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the  
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1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

**WARNING.**—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine  
(Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned  
against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

## In December.

Some time next month Mr. James Stuart Irving Alison, the only son of Mr. James Alison of Sydney, N.S.W., is marrying Miss Dorothy Sparke Davies, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Sparke Davies of Oaklands, Mont au Prête, Jersey; Mr. R. G. Fanshawe, 16th/5th Lancers, and Miss Ruth Farquhar are being married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the 14th; the 17th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. Anthony Harry Van Bergen, the only son of Captain Van Bergen and Mrs. Van Bergen, O.B.E., of Cokehurst, East Farleigh, Kent, formerly of Ferney Hall, Onibury, Shropshire, and Miss Evelyn Clarinda Hunt, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Hunt of Portland Street, York; on the 7th, Mr. Michael Barstow and Miss Moira O'Brien are being married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.

## Weddings Abroad.

Some time during the second week in January, Captain A. V. Weller, the Middlesex Regiment, and Miss Pamela Day are being married quietly in Egypt; the marriage will shortly take place in South Africa between Mr. Richard Alfred Chadwick, the elder son of Mr. Alfred William Chadwick, of Eshowe, Zululand, and Miss Barbara Violet Birt, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kenneth C. Birt of Merstham, Surrey.



Hay Wrightson

## MISS ANGELA VILLIERS

The elder daughter of Colonel and Lady Victoria Villiers of Folly Court, Wokingham, Berks, whose engagement was announced last month to Captain C. G. N. Turner, Royal Artillery, the son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Turner of 1, West Halkin Street, London



Hughes

## MISS MOIRA HUNTER

Who is to marry Sir Torquil Munro, Bart., of Lindertis, Kirriemuir, Angus, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter of 81, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., and Garrows, Amulree, Perthshire

WEDDINGS  
AND  
ENGAGEMENTS

Bertram Park

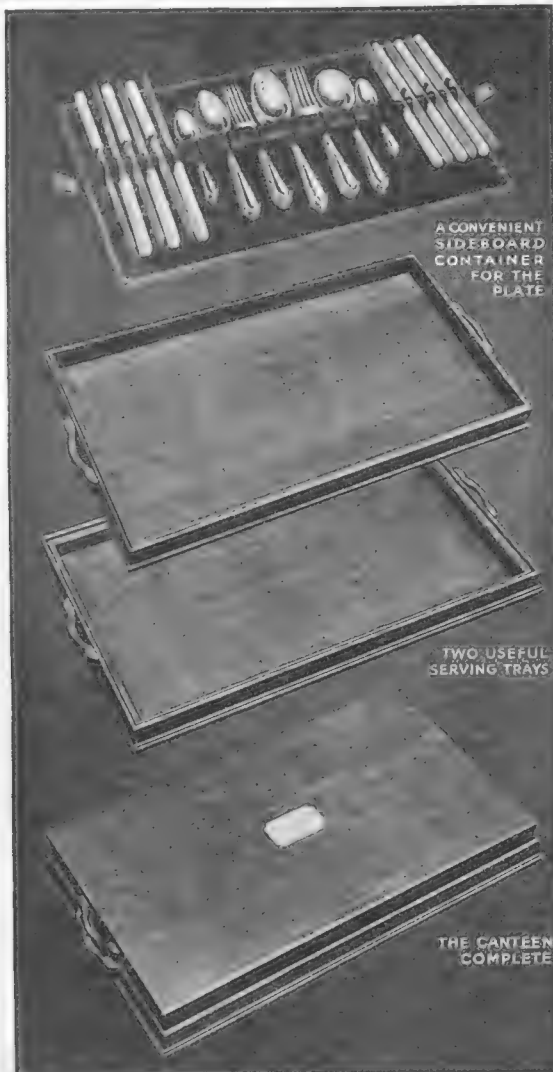
MISS ELIZABETH  
GATHORNE-HARDY

The only child of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis and Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy of Government House, York, who is going to marry Mr. Godfrey Hobbs, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the son of the late Major F. Hobbs and Mrs. Hobbs of 40, Parkside, S.W.

Cheshire; Mr. Robert Granville Biddulph, Administrative Service, Nigeria, the elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Harry Biddulph of Peter's Finger, Salisbury, and Miss Esme Fletcher-Jones, the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Fletcher-Jones of Alderney, C.I.; Mr. Lawrence John Goodwyn, the younger son of the late Mrs. Goodwyn and Mr. Leonard Goodwyn of Chipperfield, Herts, and Miss Aline Christabel (Kistie) Cunliffe, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Walter Cunliffe and Mrs. Cunliffe of Hollins, Enfield; Mr. R. G. Morrison, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Morrison of Derbyshire, and Miss R. M. Strutt, daughter of the late G. H. Strutt of Argyllshire; and Mrs. Strutt of Sussex.

## Recently Engaged.

Captain Brevet-Major Alban Low, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the only son of the late Rev. F. W. Low and of Mrs. Low of Rustington, Sussex, and Miss Kathleen Elizabeth (Betty) Hingston, the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Hingston, Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Hingston of Granglands, Gillingham, Kent; Lieutenant John Charles Hugh Price, R.N. (F/O., R.A.F.), the only son of Major the Rev. J. E. Price and Mrs. Price of Burford Croft, Farnham, and Miss Margery Massie, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Massie of The Barn, Frensham, Surrey, and of Coddington,



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**2** Calf handbag with nickel frame. Separate inside fastening **21/-**

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**4** Calf handbag with nickel frame. Smart bone thumb fastening with tab for two chromium initials. Price with initials **35/-**

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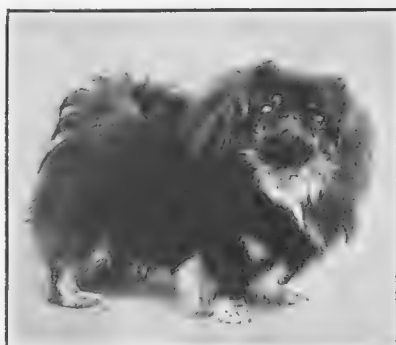
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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Our Members' Show takes place at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, on November 29. It should be full of interest and well worth a visit to anyone interested in dogs. The show opens at 10.30 a.m. and closes at 4.45 p.m. The breed classes are judged in the morning, and the variety classes and the special for the best dog in the show are awarded in the afternoon. There are classes for almost every known breed of dog, including lesser known breeds like miniature Schnauzers and Lhasa terriers, while the foreign dog class should contain dogs not usually seen, and is always an amusing section of a show.

A most interesting letter has come from Miss McPherson of the British Military Hospital, Delhi. She has an extremely successful kennel of wire-haired fox terriers headed by Champion Satan's Simon. Simon beat twenty-eight smooths and wires at the Calcutta Show for the special for the best fox terrier in the show. He won his title a year ago and has since won two more certificates. Miss McPherson imported Lanarth Passing Cloud and has done well with him. She finds terrier breeding a most interesting hobby and rest from her work, but it has its drawbacks in India. Simon and some other terriers attacked an 8 ft. cobra and killed it, but Simon was badly bitten. He had prompt medical attendance, and no harm ensued. Added to cobras there is danger from jackals, hyenas, snakes, and scorpions, to say nothing of tick fever and rabies! When inclined to find fault with our climate we must remember these things. The picture is of Champion Satan's Simon and some of his lady friends.



*Ralph Robinson*  
SUTHERLAND AVENUE LO  
The property of Miss Heuston



FOX TERRIERS  
The property of Miss McPherson

We all know and admire Miss Heuston's Pekinese, and are pleased to see a picture

as presents to the Manchu Emperor at Pekin, where their descendants still remain. Mrs. Brownrigg finds them delightful little dogs, very clever and hardy, and very amusing in their house-trained, walk to heel and sit up. She hopes to show at the Members' Show. Mrs. Bruce showed one at Inverness Show, where it caused quite a sensation. Mrs. Brownrigg's beautiful brown poodle, Champion Mademoiselle Polaise, died last winter. She was very clever, as besides doing many tricks she was a good retriever.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

of her little sleeve dog, Sutherland Avenue Lo. Lo won first, second, and third at the K.C. Show, being beaten by two champions. He weighs 5½ lb. and is the first Pekinese shown by Miss Heuston that she did not breed. The dogs sent by Miss Heuston to India arrived safely at their destination; one of them jumped from the carriage window when the train was in motion; it was stopped and Tien Ting of Greystones turned up smiling and unhurt.

Talking of Pekinese, Mrs. Ogston Webster has two seven-months-old pups for sale, boy and girl, very well bred, thoroughly house-trained and used to London and the streets. Mrs. Webster lives in London, so will bring them anywhere to be seen. It is a great convenience to people living in a town to have dogs which are house-trained and accustomed to streets.

All the dogs whose pictures we have this week are connected with the East, as Mrs. Brownrigg sends a delightful snapshot of her Tibetan Lion dogs or Apsos. The original pair were bought in Pekin. In the sixteenth century, dogs of this breed were sent by the Tibetan Lamas



*Truman Howell*  
TIBETAN LION DOGS  
The property of Mrs. Brownrigg

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Mr. Willi is the author of two books dealing with his extraordinary work: "Facial Rejuvenation," 3/6, and "The Secret of Looking Young," 2/6.

He will give advice free, either personally or by letter, to any reader of "The Tatler."



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Ava Eau de Cologne, ½ oz. 1/6 to 4 oz. 9/6, ½-pint Wicker Bottle 15/-

Ava Eau de Cologne Shaving Cream 1/-

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Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel

(Continued from p. 332)

Then lastly we come to hotel life. Here it seems that in most places, especially at St. Moritz, we have gone right off the rails. After all there are plenty of places where one can get night life without going 7,000 ft. high in Central Europe for it. One has got to remember that the days are short and, consequently, to get full enjoyment out of the place one should start at daybreak, about 8.30 a.m., and go on till the sun

J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON.



CAUX: UNLOADING THE BOB-SLEIGHS AT CRETE D'Y BAU

# WINTER FINDS AN EXCUSE-

for its existence in Winter Sports. In those lovely lands devoted to winter sports, winter is transformed from a liability to an asset. To help their clients make the most of winter's opportunities, Cook's publish comprehensive handbooks, called

**"WINTER SPORTS"**

**"WINTER SPORTS"**

(a) In Switzerland. (b) In Many Lands.

They contain not only detailed information about the chief resorts and hotels, routes and fares, but practical advice on outfits, etc. They also give inclusive quotations for visits to all the best resorts.

**HOSTELS**

These have made arrangements for two persons only. A

INITIATION PARTIES  
inexperienced

### INITIATION PARTIES

For the inexperienced, Cook's are again arranging initiation parties, which have proved an unqualified success in past seasons. Each party is accompanied by a host and hostess, and expert instruction in ski-ing and all other forms of winter sport, is given.

16 days, £25, inclusive cost.

As mentioned above

## HOSTELS

## HOSTELS

Cook's have made arrangements at Kandersteg for two hostels to be reserved. A hostess will be in residence at the ladies' hostel, and a host at the men's hostel. See separate leaflets for particulars.

14 days, £15, inclusive of food and drink. Free from a...

14 days, £15, inclusive cost  
available free from any office of—



The leaflets and handbooks mentioned above are obtainable for the following prices:

Leaflet or Handbook	Price
Each party a host and a hostess, instruction in ski-ing and other forms of winter sport, is given.	16 days, £25, inclusive cost
particulars	14 days, £

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CHS. BURHOP, Dir.

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The leading first class sport hotels in the centre of the ski-field - Inclusive terms now from 18<sup>00</sup> Francs  
Write for prospectus.



A GREAT LEPPER AT MÜRREN

Walter Amstutz, three times the winner of the Swiss Universities Ski-jumping Championship, seen doing an exhibition jump from the roof of a chalet at Mürren, Bernese Oberland

An International University Winter Sports Meeting is to be held at Clavieses (Italy) between January 31 and February 3. On March 19 the International ski-jumping contest for the "Gancia" trophy is to take place. An international ski-ing race is to be held at Sestrières on February 26.

\* \* \*

As the winter sports habitué knows, ski-ing, skating, and bob-sleighting are only half the fun in such a holiday. The evening, following a day in the gleaming snow, brings its own share of exhilaration and pleasure. Swiss hôteliers make entertainment a fine art, and nowhere is this gift more apparent than in the festivities which form part of the winter sports holiday. Fancy dress balls, dancing, gay parties come as the climax to the thrills of ice-hockey and lugeing. The season 1932-33 will see a great revival in winter sports holidays, for those who missed their sports last year will want to make up for lost time. It is interesting to note the preparations that are being made for this return to Switzerland. "Winter

## WINTER SPORTS

Sports," the handbook issued by Thos. Cook and Son, gives particulars of the new arrangements—sports hostels, for example—that will contribute to this season's novelties. Initiation parties, similar to those run so successfully in previous years by this travel firm, continue to be featured. This handbook, which is profusely illustrated, gives details of the various resorts, their principal hotels, altitude, etc. It may be obtained from any of Cook's offices.

\* \* \*

The L.N.E.R. announce that special facilities are being arranged for passengers to leave Tyne Commission Quay, Newcastle, at 8 p.m. on December 20 for Oslo via Bergen. On arrival on the morning of December 22 the party will be accommodated in the Hotel Continental at Oslo, which adjoins the electric railway station for the sports centres of Holmenkollen, Frognerstet, and Nordmarken, where ski-ing and other winter sports will be available. The services of a ski instructor, and full accommodation with sleeping-car berths between Bergen and Oslo in both directions and a first-class return ticket by the M.V. *Venus*, are included in this ten-day tour for £16 16s.

Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, opens a bazaar in aid of the Missions to Seamen, organized by the London Harbour Lights Guild, at Claridge's, at November 30. Two mime plays—*The Lady of Shalot* and *The Forsaken Mermaid*—will be performed by children.



A COLLECTIVE "PROMENADE" ON THE FLIMS SLOPES, GRISONS



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A Liqueur for the  
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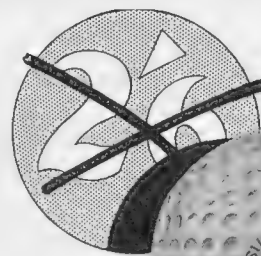
*The Whisper*—"I want to tell you three important things about GRANT'S Invictamint CRÈME de MENTHE . . . . First, it is a new Grant Liqueur and is, of course, British . . . . Secondly, it is a decided and delightful aid to digestion . . . . Thirdly, in its different and lovely creamy way, it is as delicious as GRANT'S Morella CHERRY BRANDY which is the highest possible appraisal of its quality . . . . may I, therefore, invite you and all connoisseurs of liqueurs to try GRANT'S Invictamint CRÈME de MENTHE immediately?"

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Messrs. Grant suggest that you place your order with your wine merchant for GRANT'S Invictamint CRÈME de MENTHE early, in case he has to get it for you.

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Good Golfers

66

King  
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BOX OF  
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Prices are now uniform in British Isles and Irish Free State.  
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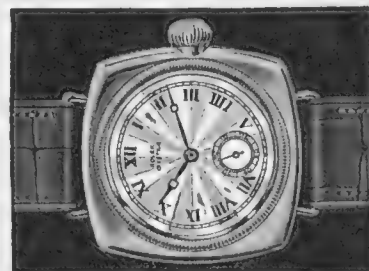
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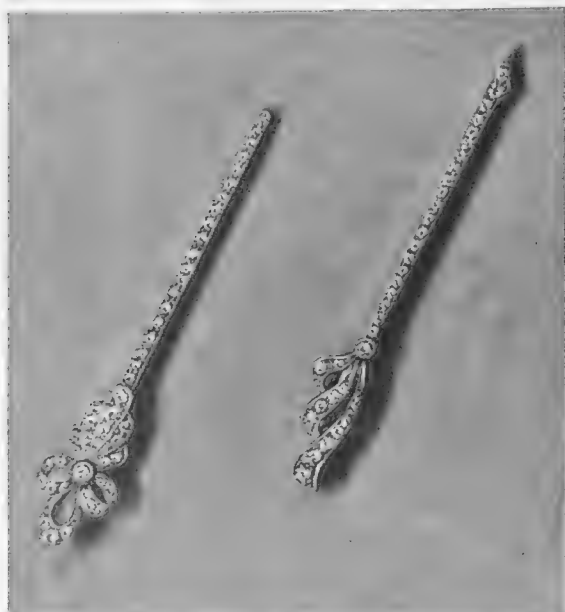
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THE WORLD'S BEST BY EVERY TEST

## DIAMONDS RETURN TO FAVOUR

Women this winter will wear diamond daggers—or clips as they are sometimes called—in their hair. As Mappin and Webb (Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street) acquired a collection of diamonds when prices were at “rock bottom,” they are able to offer the lovely ornaments, pictured on this page, at an exceptionally pleasant price. There are other designs, all set in platinum. Note how attractive the one seen in the hair is; they are about two inches in length. Not only may they perform the duty of a hair-slide, but may be introduced in hats and frocks. If desired sapphires, rubies, or emeralds may be introduced. However, at the moment, those made entirely of diamonds are the most favoured. Doubtless this is due to the fact that no other stone gives out such brilliance. It is interesting that diamond engagement rings are regarded with favour with one, two, or three stones. A bride was recently given twin wedding rings; one was of platinum and the other, also of



platinum, was set with diamonds. Bracelets and necklets to match are modish; the latter are sometimes arranged so that they may be converted into two or three bracelets. The diamond has been called the “gem instinct with music,” for in it there exists that inexplicable fascination which one associates with great music. But just as the same sonata or fugue will sound differently in our ears according to the player, so will the beauty of the diamond vary according to the genius of the setter. Each stone has its own individuality, and to obtain the full value of it it has to be presented with the touch of an artist, with the imagination of the poet or the musician.

Jewellery, Mappin and Webb  
Pictures by Blake



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**27 DAYS' TOUR**  
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For here, amidst the enchanting scene, and the soothing influence of warm, dry, desert air, you will find better health through radiant sunshine.

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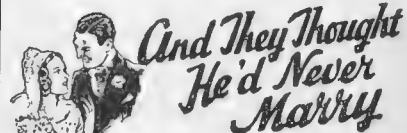
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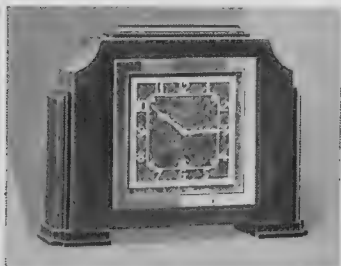
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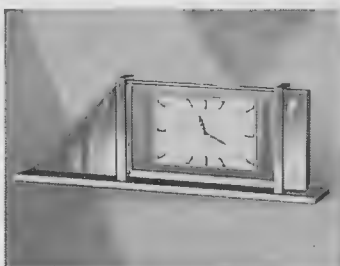
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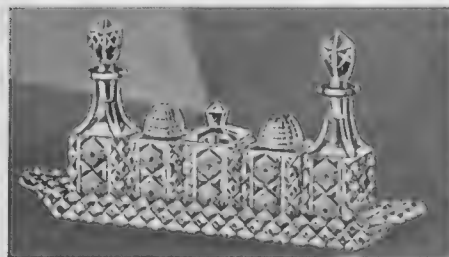


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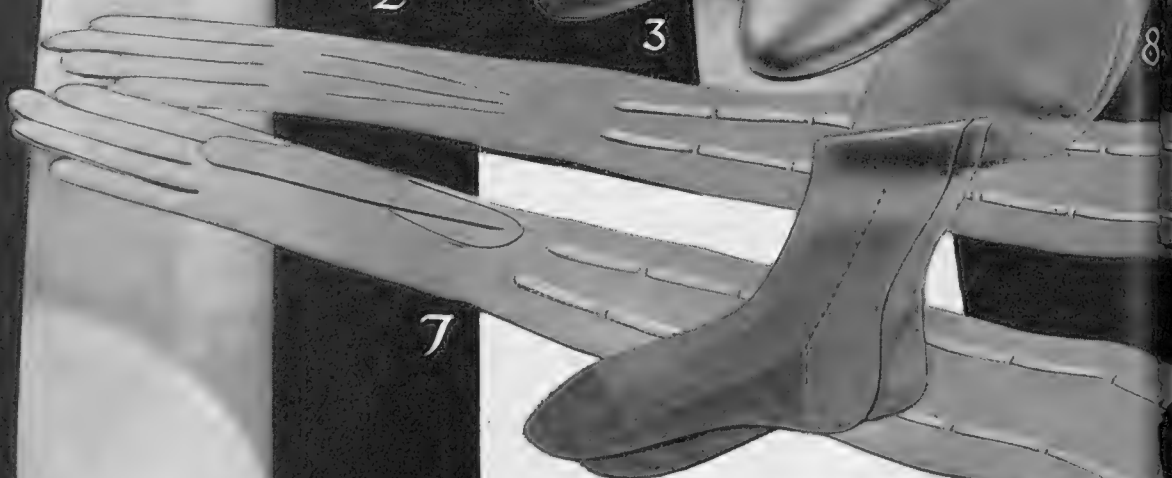
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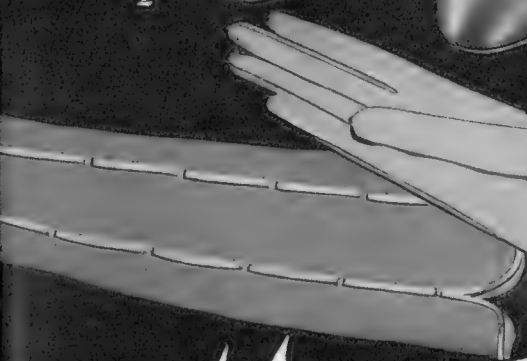
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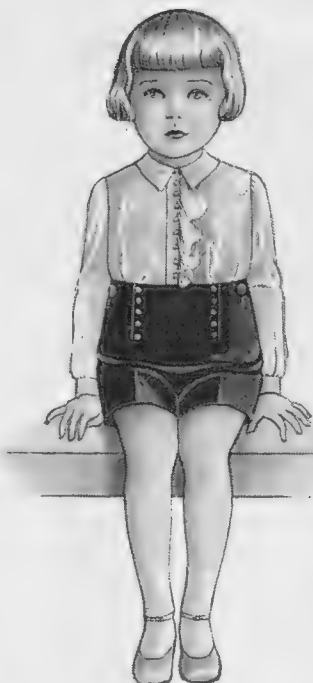
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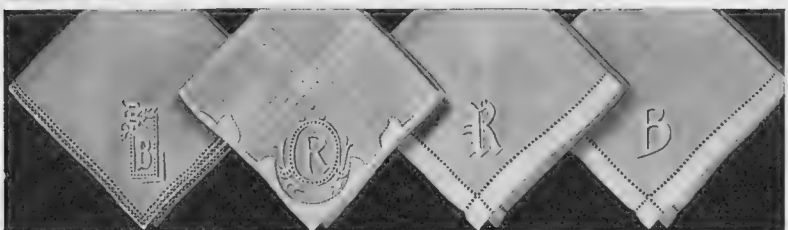


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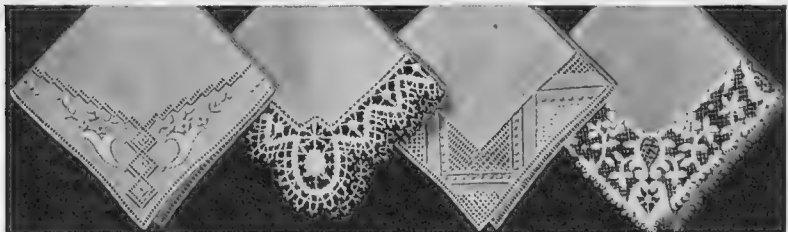
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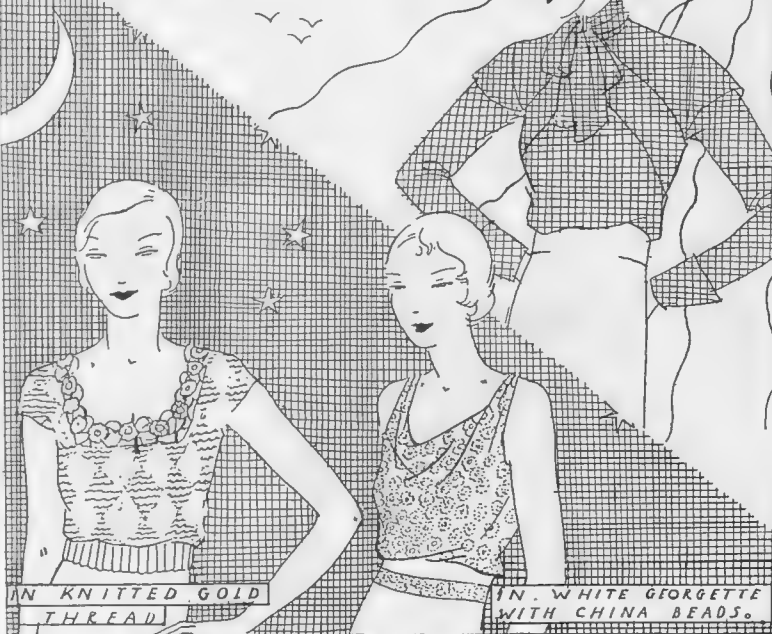
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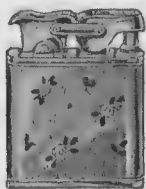
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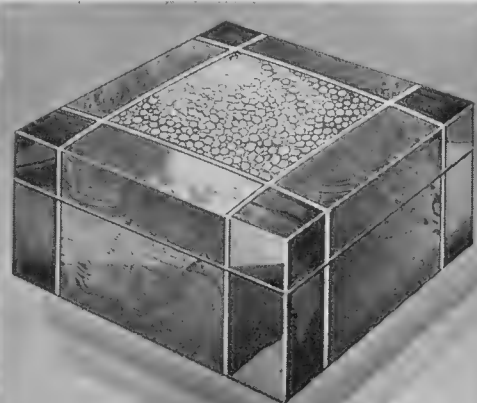
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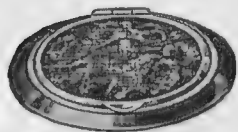
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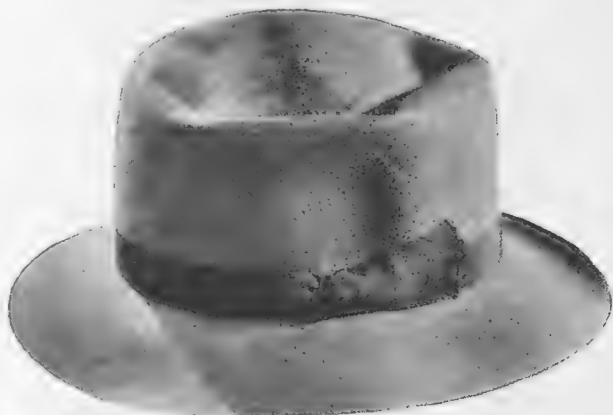
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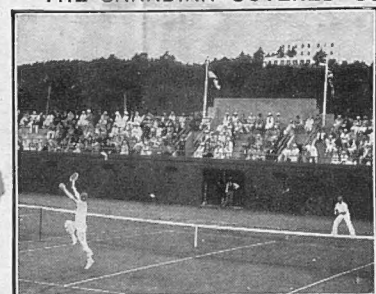
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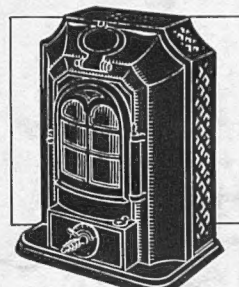
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